The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE 37 PARK ROW (ROOM 20.)

TAMMANY PLATFORM UNDER THE INK.

The Democratic party in National Convention assembled, reposing its trust in the stupidity, disloyalty and lack of discrimination of the people; standing on the opinions of dead men, who having been under the sod a hundred years, must know more of the vital issues of this hour than the living men of the present, do nevertheless, believe (however unconstitutional the fact may be) that slavery and secession were settled by the war, or the wisdom of the North in Congress assembled; to be renewed and re-agitated with the election of Horatio Seymour and Frank Blair, unless all the States be immediately restored to their ancient rights, under the old Union, Constitution and Laws; in other words, unless the moral world be turned backward on its axis.

Second. Amnesty for all past political offences, especially those of *skin* and *sex*, and the regulation of the Elective Franchise by *all the people* of the States. *(Woman's Right's plank.)*

Third. We demand the payment of the public debt of the United States as leisurely as practicable; for while the public lands and moneys are concentrated in the hands of the few and the producers pay all the taxes, the commerce and industry of the country will be necessarily crippled, and it must take generations to pay the debt. By this means we make a fixed political issue, furnishing an excuse for heavy taxation, and thus supply the national granary from which our rulers can covertly feast and fatten at the public expense.

Fourth. We believe in equal taxation of every species of property, not only the poor man's bread, but the rich man's bond. (Cheers.) *(Poor man's plank.)*

Fifth. We believe that money that is good enough for the butcher and baker, the pensioner and soldier, is good enongh for the bond-holder, (Cheers.) *(Soldiers and workingmen's plank.)*

Sixth. We believe in a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection to domestic industry, *i. e.* "Robbing Peter to pay Paul;" in the right of the State militia to stay at home in time of peace, in the reduction of the army and navy (of course leaving all the officers in place and pay), in the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau (the poor whites being now able to furnish their own rations). We are opposed to negro supremacy, and therefore endorse those legislative acts of the republican party which secure equality to the white and black races of the South.

Seventh. We demand the expulsion of corrupt men from office (*vide* N. Y. City Government and State Assembly), and the restoration of the Executive and Judicial branches of the government to their rightful power (though we dare not trust these principles by placing either Chase or Johnson in the White House). That the usurpations of Congress and the despotism of the sword may cease, that the Military may be subordinate to the Civil power, we will play a nice little game in Tammany, by which to exalt New York's most distinguished civilian over the proudest military chieftain of the day, and the ferocious Frank Blair over the smiling Colfax—the said Blair being ready to draw his sword to overthrow by force the reconstruction policy of Congress as soon as he shall be elected.

Eighth. We deny the right of England to imprison American citizens for alleged crimes committed on our soil, beyond her jurisdiction; and we demand the immediate release of George Francis Train, one of the shining lights of American Democracy, and all our Irish voters now suffering in British jails. (*A bid for a million votes.*)

In demanding these measures of reform, we arraign the Radical party for its disregard of right, and its unparalleled tyranny and oppression in driving four million slaves from under the protecting wing of the Pharaohs of the South into the Canaan of Suffrage and Self-support. After the most solemn and unanimous pledge to control the logic of events, both houses of Congress have acted on the higher light acquired by time and fair debate, carried our flag to victory and restored the Union by destroying slavery, which they had vowed never to touch. Unfortunately, in this grand shuffle of the cards by East, West, North and South, by some strange deal the ace of spades is always trump. Instead of rebuilding the old Union, they have built a new one; secured the right of free speech, locomotion, habeas corpus, and trial by a jury of his peers to the black man. They have established tribunals to prevent arbitrary seizures and arrests, and secret star chamber inquisitions, for the new made freedmen, thus giving an unheard of importance to those benighted Africans, and making their political status equal to that of all other citizens. Moreover, they have secured to these people the privilege of learning to read and write, to go to the Post-Office, and telegraph to their friends, to have their private rooms, papers, and letters, and made the Southern Bastile a free home for its people. And to all these Jacobin measures, the Chief-Justice has said, "*It is so ordered.*" These same radicals have waged a greater war, and of course made a greater debt than any nation in all Europe. They have performed the most astonishing piece of legerdemain known in history, in stripping the President of the clothes he made with his own right hand, and rocking the pillars of the republic from the very foundations, and yet leaving the government firmer than before, and the Executive clothed in Constitutional fabrics made by Congress without gusset or seam. If Grant and Colfax are elected in November, there will be nothing for us to do, but to pick up the chips of our constitutional liberties and meet in solemn Convention to resolve and declare that states where individual rights are held more sacred than Laws, Unions and Constitutions, can only end in a centralized, consolidated government. That is to say, if the black men, being a majority in South Carolina, should so legislate as to deprive all the white men of the right of suffrage, and Congress should interfere for their protection, it would be a flagrant usurpation of power which could find no warrant in the Constitution.

While our hearts are overflowing with gratitude to our brave soldiers and sailors for carrying our flag to victory against a most determined and gallant foe, yet we deplore all those legislative acts secured by their votes, that are the legitimate fruits of their victories.

As to the Public Lands, though we did just what the republicans are doing when we were in power, yet, having been purified by suffering for eight long years' with anointed vision, we now see that the Public Lands should be distributed as widely as possible among the people, and should be disposed of under the Pre-emption or Homestead laws, and sold in reasonable quantities to none but actual occupants at the minimum price established by government.

As calm observers, looking at the heedless world go round, through the loopholes of our retreat, we have been taught many sublime lessons we never could have learned in the whirlpool of power. In closing, we appeal to every patriot (including all the conservative element; we especially mention them, as their patriotism is doubtful, and excluding the radicals, as theirs is certain) to forget all past differences and unite with us in the great approaching struggle to elect Horatio Seymour and Frank Blair, that the war for the Union, the Constitution and the Laws, may be commenced in earnest. E. C. S.

THE PRESS ON TAMMANY AND WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Evening Express, July 6th.

A letter was received with great laughter from Susan B. Anthony (of the Woman's Suffrage Association), urging the claims of women to participate in elections. The resolution was referred.

Tribune (Editorial), July 7th.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has our sincere pity. She has been an ardent suitor of the democracy, and they received her overtures yesterday with screams of laughter.

Tribune (Correspondence), July 7th.

The speech (Gov. Seymour's) was both heavy and long, and but for the memorial of Miss Susan B. Anthony on behalf of the women of America, its somnolent qualities might have affected the Convention for the rest of the day. But Miss Susan may die in the belief that the democracy agrees with her that the little difficulty of sex *is* insurmountable, and she is probably aware already that the Convention and the wards of Tammany, the Sixth Ward strikers, the rural politicians, and the pardoned rebels, are quiet as fond of universal laughter as universal amnesty, from the derisive cheers which greeted her memorial.

Sun (Proceedings), July 7th.

THE PETITION OF THE WOMEN.—The Chairman—I have a memorial from the Woman's Suffrage Association, with the request that it be handed to the Committee on Resolutions. (Laughter, cheers, "Hear, hear," and cries of "Read.")

The Chairman—I may mention that this document is signed by Susan B. Anthony. (Renewed cheers and laughter.)

The communication was then read.

Sun (Correspondence), July 7th.

MISS ANTHONY.—The flood of resolutions about greenbacks, bondholders, military despotism, general amnesty and Andrew Johnson, which, from its ceaseless flow, was becoming rather a bore, was now gaily diversified by a letter from Miss Susan B. Anthony, in behalf of the Woman's Suffrage Association, addressed to the President of the Convention, demanding a distinct recognition of their doctrines in the platform on which the democracy will fight out the pending battle.

At first it was suggested that the letter be sent, without being read, to the Committee on Resolutions. But the gentlemanly instincts of Governor Seymour prompted him to arrest so ungallant a proceeding; and conscious that he had many warm admirers in the Association, he, without distinctly committing himself to its doctrines, directed the Secretary to read the letter. Its sharp points excited applause and provoked merriment, though the laughter rather predominated over the plaudits, and the lively document was finally transmitted for safe keeping to the Platform Committee.

Times (Editorial), July 7th.

The Woman's Suffrage Association got a hearing yesterday in the Democratic Convention. That indefatigable and ingenious champion of outraged womanhood, Miss Susan B. Anthony, drew up an address to the body, and secured its reading in a way that everybody was compelled to hear. She appealed for the enfranchisement of women, and recited the well-known arguments in its favor. She also adroitly interwove through her address a variety of telling arguments in favor of the general policy and character of the republican party, and secured democratic applause for sentiments and doctrines entirely adverse to their own.

World (Proceedings) July 7th.

The Chairman—I have here a memorial from the Woman's Suffrage Association, with the request that it be handed the Committee on Resolutions.

(Loud cheers, laughter and cries of "Read, Read.")

The Chairman—I may mention that this document is signed by Miss Susan B. Anthony.

(A cry arose from all parts of the hall, "Read it, Read it," amid loud applause.)

World (Notes and Comments), July 7th.

When the offertory of the "Women of 'THE REVOLUTION'" pleading for the ballot, despite "the insurmountable difficulty of sex," was rung forth by Mr. Perrin, the merriment that obtained was indescribable. Round on round of applause, peal on peal, not of satirical but gentlemanly, good-natured laughter prevailed, and Miss Anthony, the signer of the request, modestly peering over her spacious spectacles in an adjoining seat, became the cynosure of all eyes and bore peacefully her blushing honors thick upon her.

Herald (Editorial), July 9th.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY LOST—In the tabling of the memorial of Miss Susan B. Anthony to the National Democratic Convention in behalf of women's rights as an essential element of equal rights. Had the Convention boldly taken ground in behalf of suffrage to the intelligent white women of all the United States against the radical policy of universal suffrage to the ignorant negro men of the South, they might have swept the country from Connecticut to California upon that issue alone. The only alternative left to the Woman's Rights Association is an independent Presidential women rights ticket. Let them try it, and they will teach both the republicans and democrats a lesson to be remembered.

The laughers are a majority.—*Pope.*

THE republicans make themselves quite merry over the fact that the democrats laughed when the letter from the Woman's Suffrage Association was read in their Convention. Now, inasmuch as Miss Anthony's letter was about the best word spoken in the Convention, and as Woman's Suffrage is becoming familiarized to the male mind, we have no reason to suppose that our chivalrous democratic brethren laughed at the idea of Woman's Suffrage, but rather at the crude legislation of the dominant party, as set forth in the letter. The President, Horatio Seymour, received the letter with marked respect. It was optional with him to suppress or present it, he chose the latter. Surely that was not treating the idea of Woman's Suffrage with derision. As soon as the gentlemen of the Convention heard a letter from Miss Anthony announced, there was a simultaneous shout for its reading all over the house. We had the pleasure of meeting some of the delegates, not only at social breakfasts and dinners, but in Tammany Hall the first day of the Convention. In talking with southern members, we were surprised to find them so very liberal and well-informed on the arguments in favor of extending suffrage to women. One of the delegates from North Carolina, among others, told us he was ready to vote for universal suffrage as a plank in their platform. But suppose Tammany did laugh at the idea of "Woman's Suffrage," or at Susan B. Anthony as its representative, a delegate to the Convention, what of it? She has been laughed at twenty years, and cares no more for the laugh of the heedless world than for the popping of a chestnut in a farmer's fire. When we held our first convention in 1848, the press of the country laughed, from Maine to Louisiana. The journals of every section and party were filled with ridicule and the grossest personalities; and yet, how changed to-day. The *Tribune* has the proud distinction of being the only city journal that has spoken disparagingly of Miss Anthony's appeal to the Convention. While other journals published the letter in the proceedings where it belonged, they put it in an isolated corner, and in a silly editorial item condemned the proceeding. What if Tammany Hall did laugh? So did the Constitutional Convention at Albany, when, on the morning that Mr. Greeley read his suffrage report, at least thirty members rose in their places and presented petitions from every part of the state asking for suffrage for woman. We witnessed the whole proceeding from the gallery, and laughed too, not at our own ideas, of course, but at Mr. Greeley's report, and the timidity and inconsistencies of the republican party. When we sent our petitions to Congress republicans laughed again, and not only laughed, but in the Senate of the United States treated us with marked contempt. The very day after Mr. Sumner made his great speech on "Equal Rights to All," in presenting a protest against inserting the word "male" in the Federal Constitution where it never had been, a protest signed by such women as Lydia Maria Child and Lucretia Mott, he apologized for doing it, and said it was "inopportune" for women to protest against the word "male" being introduced in the Federal Constitution at the very time when the proposition was under consideration!! We laughed at the absurdity of his position. When John Stuart Mill made his grand speech on the Household Suffrage bill and received 73 votes in its favor, and when the petition of 22,000 women of England was presented, the British Parliament was convulsed with laughter.

The heroes of '76 were a laughing stock to all Europe at the beginnning of the rebellion against George IV.! There never was a document since the world was, more laughed at than our Declaration of Independence! Let those who win laugh. While Europe laughed, we built a mighty nation, with the grandest institutions on the globe. While men laughed, we have remodelled their statute-books, made the laws for women in many of the states more liberal and just, and changed the public sentiment on this subject in both hemispheres. Seeing that laughter is not an expression of mirth peculiar to man alone, if he laughs we can laugh too. Surely the nonsense and twaddle these "white males" have written and uttered, from Rousseau and Father Gregory down to the Timothy Titcombs of our day, will furnish us food for laughter as long as we remain in this sphere of action. Sooner or later they must come to "Woman's Suffrage," and sit down in their national councils with both women and black men. So let them laugh on for the good time of "equal rights to all" is close at hand.

P. C. S.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT—1790.

CHAPTER III.

THE PREVAILING OPINION OF A SEXUAL CHARACTER DISCUSSED.

(Continued from last week.)

PERHAPS if the existence of an evil being was allowed, who, in the allegorical language of scripture, went about seeking whom he should devour, he could not more effectually degrade the human character than by giving a man absolute power.

This argument branches into various ramifications. Birth, riches, and every intrinsic advantage that exalt a man above his fellows, without any mental exertion, sink him in reality below them. In proportion to his weakness, he is played upon by designing men, till the bloated monster has lost all traces of humanity. And that tribes of men, like flocks of sheep, should quietly follow such a leader, is a solecism that only a desire of present enjoyment and narrowness of understanding can solve. Educated in slavish dependence, and enervated by luxury and sloth, where shall we find men who will stand forth to assert the rights of man; or claim the privilege of moral beings, who should have but one road to excellence? Slavery to monarchs and ministers, which the world will be long in freeing itself from, and whose deadly grasp stops the progress of the human mind, is not yet abolished.

Let not men then in the pride of power, use the same arguments that tyrannic kings and venal ministers have used, and fallaciously assert, that woman ought to be subjected because she has always been so. But when man, governed by reasonable laws, enjoys his natural freedom, let him despise woman if she do not share it with him; and, till that glorious period arrives, in descanting on the folly of the sex, let him not overlook his own.

Women, it is true, obtaining power by unjust means, by practising or fostering vice, evidently lose the rank which reason would assign them, and they become either abject slaves or capricious tyrants. They lose all simplicicity, all dignity of mind, in acquiring power, and act as men are observed to act when they have been exalted by the same means.

It is time to effect a revolution in female manners, time to restore to them their lost dignity, and make them, as a part of the human species, labor by reforming themselves to reform the world. It is time to separate unchangeable morals from local manners. If men be demi-gods, why let us serve them! And if the dignity of the female soul be as disputable as that of animals, if their reason does not afford sufficient light to direct their conduct whilst unering instinct is denied, they are surely of all creatures the most miserable! and, bent beneath the iron hand of destiny, must submit to be a *fair defect* in creation. But to justify the ways of providence respecting them, by pointing out some irrefragable reason for thus making such a large portion of mankind accountable and not accountable, would puzzle the subtlest casuist.

The only solid foundation for morality appears to be the character of the Supreme Being; the harmony of which arises from a balance of attributes; and, to speak with reverence, one attribute seems to imply the *necessity* of another. He must be just, because he is wise, he must be good, because he is omnipotent. For, to exalt one attribute at the expense of another equally noble and necessary, bears the stamp of the warped reason of man

the homage of passion. Man, accustomed to bow down to power in his savage state, can seldom divest himself of this barbarous prejudice even when civilization determines how much superior mental is to bodily strength; and his reason is clouded by these crude opinions, even when he thinks of the Deity. His omnipotence is made to swallow up, or preside over his other attributes, and those mortals are supposed to limit his power irreverently who think that it must be regulated by his wisdom.

I disclaim that species of humility which, after investigating nature, stops at the author. The high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, doubtless possesses many attributes of which we can form no conception; but reason tells me they cannot clash with those I adore, and I am compelled to listen to her voice.

It seems natural for man to search for excellence, and either to trace it in the object that he worships, or blindly to invest it with perfection as a garment. But what good effect can the latter mode of worship have on the moral conduct of a rational being? He bends to power; he adores a dark cloud, which may open a bright prospect to him, or burst in angry, lawless fury on his devoted head, he knows not why. And, supposing that the Deity acts from the vague impulse of an undirected will, man must also follow his own, or act according to rules, deduced from principles which he disdains as irreverent. Into this dilemma have both enthusiasts and cooler thinkers fallen, when they labored to free men from the wholesome restraints which a just conception of the character of God imposes.

It is not impious thus to scan the attributes of the Almighty: in fact, who can avoid it that exercises his faculties? for to love God as the fountain of wisdom, goodness, and power, appears to be the only worship useful to a being who wishes to acquire either virtue or knowledge. A blind unsettled affection may, like human passions, occupy the mind and warm the heart, whilst, to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, is forgotten. I shall pursue this subject still further, when I consider religion in a light opposite to that recommended by Dr. Gregory, who treats it as a matter of sentiment or taste.

To return from this apparent digression. It were to be wished, that women would cherish an affection for their husbands, founded on the same principle that devotion ought to rest upon. No other firm base is there under heaven; for let them beware of the fallacious light of sentiment, too often used as a softer phrase for sensuality. It follows then, I think, that from their infancy women should either be shut up like eastern princes, or educated in such a manner as to be able to think and act for themselves.

Why do men halt between two opinions, and expect impossibilities? Why do they expect virtue from a slave, or from a being whom the constitution of civil society has rendered weak, if not vicious.

Still I know that it will require a considerable length of time to eradicate the firmly rooted prejudices which sensualists have planted; it will also require some time to convince women that they act contrary to their real interest on an enlarged scale, when they cherish or affect weakness under the name of delicacy, and to convince the world that the poisoned source of female vices and follies, if it be necessary, in compliance with custom, to use synonymous terms in a lax sense, has been the sensual homage paid to beauty: to beauty of features; for it has been shrewedly observed by a German writer, that a pretty woman, as an object of desire, is generally allowed to be so by men of all descriptions; whilst a fine woman, who inspires more sublime emotions by displaying intellectual beauty, may be overlooked or observed with indifference, by those men who find their happiness in the gratification of their appetites. I foresee an obvious retort; whilst man remains such an imperfect being as he appears hitherto to have been, he will, more or less, be the slave of his appetites; and those women obtaining most power who gratify a predominant one, the sex is degraded by a physical, if not by a moral necessity.

This objection has, I grant, some force; but while such a sublime precept exists, as, "be pure as your Heavenly Father is pure;" it would seem that the virtues of man are not limited by the Being who alone could limit them; and that he may press forward without considering whether he steps out of his sphere by indulging such a noble ambition. To the wild billows it has been said, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Vainly then do they beat and foam; restrained by the power that confines the struggling planets within their orbits, matter yields to the great governing Spirit. But an immortal soul, not restrained by mechanical laws, and struggling to free itself from the shackles of matter, contributes to, instead of disturbing, the order of creation, when, co-operating with the Father of spirits, it tries to govern itself by the invariable rule that, in a degree, before which our imagination faints, the universe is regulated.

Besides, if women are educated for dependence, that is, to act according to the will of another fallible being, and submit, right or wrong, to power, where are we to stop? Are they to be considered as vicegerents, allowed to reign over a small domain, and answerable for their conduct to a higher tribunal, liable to error?

It will not be difficult to prove, that such delegates will act like men subjected by fear, and make their children and servants endure their tyrannical oppression. As they submit without reason, they will, having no fixed rules to square their conduct by, be kind or cruel, just as the whim of the moment directs; and we ought not to wonder if sometimes, galled by their heavy yoke, they take a malignant pleasure in resting it on weaker shoulders.

But, supposing a woman, trained up to obedience, be married to a sensible man, who directs her judgment, without making her feel the servility of her subjection, to act with as much propriety by this reflected light as can be expected when reason is taken at second hand, yet she cannot ensure the life of her protector: he may die and leave her with a large family.

A double duty devolves on her; to educate them in the character of both father and mother; to form their principles and secure their property. But, alas! she has never thought, much less acted, for herself. She has only learned to please men, to depend gracefully on them; yet, encumbered with children, how is she to obtain another protector; a husband to supply the place of reason? A rational man, for we are not treading on romantic ground, though he may think her a pleasing, docile creature, will not choose to marry a *family* for love, when the world contains many more pretty creatures. What is then to become of her? She either falls an easy pray to some mean fortune hunter, who defrauds her children of their paternal inheritance, and renders her miserable; or becomes the victim of discontent and blind indulgence. Unable to educate her sons, or impress them with respect; for it is not a play on words to assert, that people are never respected, though filling an important station, who are not respectable, she pines under the anguish of unavailing, impotent regret. The serpent's tooth enters into her very soul, and the vices of licentious youth bring her with sorrow, if not with poverty also, to the grave.

This is not an overcharged picture; on the contrary, it is a very possible case, and something similar must have fallen under every attentive eye.

I have, however, taken it for granted, that she was well disposed, though experience shows, that the blind may as easily be led into a ditch as along the beaten road. But supposing, no very improbable conjecture, that a being only taught to please may still find her happiness in pleasing; what an example of folly, not to say vice, will she be to her innocent daughters! The mother will be lost in the coquette, and instead of making friends of her daughters, view them with eyes askance, for they are rivals—rivals more cruel than any other, because they invite a comparison, and drive her from the throne of beauty, who has never thought of a seat on the bench of reason.

It does not require a lively pencil, or the discriminating outline of a caricature, to sketch the domestic miseries and petty vices which such a mistress of a family diffuses. Still she only acts as a woman ought to act, brought up according to Rousseau's system. She can never be reproached for being masculine, or turning out of her sphere; nay, she may observe another of his grand rules, and cautiously preserving her reputation free from spot, be reckoned a good kind of woman. Yet in what respect can she be termed good? She abstains, it is true, without any great struggle, from committing gross crimes; but how does she fulfil her duties? Duties!—in truth she has enough to think of to adorn her body and nurse a weak constitution.

With respect to religion, she never presumed to judge for herself; but conformed, as a dependent creature should, to the ceremonies of the church which she was brought up in, piously believing, that wiser heads than her own have settled that business: and not to doubt is her point of perfection. She therefore pays her tythe of mint and cummin, and thanks her God that she is not as other women are. These are the blessed effects of a good education! these the virtues of man's helpmate.

I must relieve myself by drawing a different picture.

Let fancy now present a woman with a tolerable understanding, for I do not wish to leave the line of mediocrity, whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigor; her mind, at the same time, gradually expanding itself to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity consist. Formed thus by the relative duties of her station, she marries from affection, without losing sight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, she secures her husband's respect before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him, and feed a dying flame, which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendship and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection. This is the natural death of love, and domestic peace is not destroyed by struggles to prevent its extinction. I also suppose the husband to be virtuous; or she is still more in want of independent principles.

Fate, however, breaks this tie. She is left a widow, perhaps, without a sufficient provision: but she is not desolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has softened sorrow into melancholy resignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondness, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye sees her virtuous efforts, from whom all her comforts now must flow, and whose approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abstracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope, that the eyes which her trembling hand closed, may still see how she subdues every wayward passion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raised to heroism by misfortunes, she represses the first faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her sex—forgets the pleasure of an awakening passion, which might again have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brightest hopes are beyond the grave where her imagination often strays.

I think I see her surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets her's whilst health and innocence smile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up the cares of life are lessened by their grateful attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavored to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to see her children attain a strength of character sufficient to enable them to endure adversity without forgetting their mother's example.

The task of life thus fulfilled, she calmly waits for the sleep of death, and rising from the grave may say, behold, thou gavest me one talent and here are five talents.

I wish to sum up what I have said in a few words, for I here throw down my gauntlet, and deny the existence of sexual virtues, not excepting modesty. For man and woman, truth, if I understand the word, must be the same; yet the fanciful female character, so prettily drawn by poets and novelists, demanding the sacrifice of truth and sincerity, virtue becomes a relative idea, having no other foundation than utility, and of that utility men pretend arbitrarily to judge, shaping it to their own convenience.

Women, I allow, may have different duties to fulfil; but they are *human* duties, and the principles that should regulate the discharge of them, I sturdily maintain, must be the same.

To become respectable, the exercise of their understanding is necessary; there is no other foundation for independence of character; I mean explicitly to say, that they must only bow to the authority of reason, instead of being the *modest* slaves of opinion.

In the superior ranks of life how seldom do we meet with a man of superior abilities, or even common acquirements? The reason appears to me clear; the state they are born in was an unnatural one. The human character has ever been formed by the employments the individual, or class pursues; and if the faculties are not sharpened by necessity, they must remain obtuse. The argument may fairly be extended to women; for seldom occupied by serious business, the pursuit of pleasure gives that insignificancy to their character which renders the society of the *great* so insipid. The same want of firmness, produced by a similar cause, forces them both to fly from themselves to noisy pleasures and artificial passions, till vanity takes place of every social affection, and the characteristics of humanity can scarcely be discerned. Such are the blessings of civil governments, as they are at present organized that wealth and female softness equally tend to debase mankind, and are produced by the same cause; but allowing women to be rational creatures, they should be invited to acquire virtues which they may call the own, for how can a rational being be ennobled by anything that is not obtained by its *own* exertions?

(To be *Continued*.)

REBELLION CONSERVATORIES.

The Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* was filled last week with accounts of the anniversary exercises of some of the literary institutions of that state. The University of Virginia, the Richmond College, Virginia Military Institute and the Richmond Female Institute, have just celebrated themselves in an annual Commencement. Many distinguished visitors graced the occasions, though the name of Henry Ward Beecher does not shine among them. He is reserved probably for General Lee's commencement, which undoubtedly occurs about this time. Readers of "The Revolution" may be glad to see some selections from the orations and addresses delivered, as showing the kind and degree of loyalty and patriotism with which the hearts of the sons and daughters of the Old Dominion and other rebel states are still inspired. That some of the speakers were most *diabolically* eloquent is not to be denied. For instance, Gen. John S. Preston, of South Carolina, addressed the Washington and Jefferson Societies of the University of Virginia in strains like these :

Rome taught us the science of government and law. The lessons of Israel come from the waves of the Red Sea, the Mount of God, Siloam's brook, and Calvary's cross. But he proposed to draw lessons nearer home, from the historic past of Virginia—her heroes and her principles. He vividly sketched the old glory of Virginia in the freedom of her people and the excellency of her institutions.

* * * * *

But where and what is that Virginia to-day? Four days hence will be celebrated the day on which was signed the instrument intended to give to us the fruitage of the vintage of liberty, and on that day orators will speak in the name of freedom. Rome still called her tyrants "Cæsar," and preserved carefully the insignia of liberty—her senators still sat clothed in purple robes, and on festal days her orators flaunted the names of her patriots long after every spark of liberty was extinguished. So on the approaching national day of American independence the names of Virginia's patriots will be flaunted over the land ; for dark indeed would be the day without the lustre of those names which gave it its chief glory.

* * * * *

The orbits of nations are fixed by the God of nations ; but repellant forces come to drive them from their proper courses, and thus revolutions and conflicts come. They were not true prophets who twenty years ago told us that wars would cease. We know of its cruel, blighting march over the land. "And when now, after the blast of that tempest, we turn our seared eyes upon the scene, we ask in terror-stricken bewilderment, Where is Virginia?" Behold her this day seven years ago, clothed in the panoply of Pallas, she rose from the lethargy of years, her eyes kindled with the memory of the giant sons of her youth, she grasps her spear and waves her golden hair, and standing on her capitol, shouts her ancient war-song, and calls around her her warrior children ; and they come from her plains, from beyond her mountains, and from the shores of her resounding seas, and pressing their knees in her soil, devote themselves to Virginia—an hundred thousand Decie—and rush forth to defend her borders, to save from the sacrilegious touch the very hem of her royal robes, and to die for Virginia. Alas! alas! there she sits now—her limbs torn away—her bosom lacerated—her very womb stamped to barrenness by the heel of her conqueror, and her heart turned to stone, but still weeping blood. There she sits enthroned in misery at the feet of her conqueror, listening drearily to the wail of her pale and hollow-eyed daughters, and gazing at her dead sons in their blood still untombed. Oh! bear that sacred dust softly to the mother's feet, and bid her wake again to life.

* * * * *

Yes, my young countrymen, silence may brood over waste Palmyra and Memnon's mute domain—the cry of nations from amid the cedars of Lebanon may be hushed—the sacred land, pressed by a dying Saviour's bleeding feet, may be a desert—cruel, bloody, remorseless tyrants may rule at Thermopylæ, at Richmond, and Fort Sumter—but they cannot crush that immortal hope which rises from the blood-soaked earth of Virginia.

* * * *

The speaker drew an eloquent and touching parallel between Virginia in 1776 and 1861, and between Virginia at the beginning of the late war and Virginia as she now is, and made a thrilling appeal to the sons of Virginia to seek to restore her to her pristine glory. The sons of the sires who made Virginia what she was are gathered within the halls of this noble university to prepare for the great work before them—the work of redeeming Virginia.

* * * * *

He pronounced a glowing eulogy on the women of Virginia, "from Mary the mother of Washington to the last watcher beside the couch of the wounded at Appomattox," and drew lessons of hope from their heroic toils "They worked for us, they clothed us, they fed us, they prayed for us, and still now they work, and weep, and pray, and their great reward will be that their prayers go up to a God of Right, and by the savor of woman's tears and woman's prayers that God, in his own time, will give us deliverance and liberty."

The editor or reporter of the *Dispatch* says :

It is impossible to describe the effect of this speech. Cheer after cheer interrupted the noble old Roman as with clear, ringing voice and easy, graceful gesture he gave utterance to words which thrilled every heart and brought tears to eyes unused to weep. The above is only a very meagre sketch of the speech which held the audience spell-bound for over two hours, but which so sparkled with gems in every sentence that even the belles and beaux ceased their clatter and gave undivided attention.

Gen. Wade Hampton, also of South Carolina, was next called to the platform :

He thanked the young men from his heart for the call they had made and the kindness with which they had greeted him. Their cheers reminded him of those he used to hear on the battle-field, telling where Virginia chivalry led the way to victory. He came from the noble and gallant State of South Carolina, which yielded to none in her devotion to the cause of right, though now she sits and weeps in sackcloth and ashes.

Gen. Wade Hampton, it is said, was frequently interrupted by deafening cheers, which were long continued after he took his seat. But when the band struck up "Dixie," the audience knew no bounds to their enthusiasm, and made the roof ring with cheer after cheer.

These extracts are but specimens, but they are surely of great significance at the present moment.

The Literary Societies of Richmond College were addressed by Major A. R. Courtney, President Jones, and others. Major Courtney closed as follows :

To you the road to glory and immortal honor is still open, but it is a rough and rugged path. If it were well trodden, it would cease to be arduous and untrequented ; and great minds must always be ready not only to *take* opportunities, but to *make them*. Alexander dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple on a forbidden day. She exclaimed : "My son, thou art invincible ;" which was oracle enough for him. On a second occasion, he cut the Gordian knot which others had in vain attempted to untie. Those who start for worldly honors must, like the mettled hounds of Actæon, pursue the game, not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and to dissimulate—to leap and to creep—to conquer the earth, like Cæsar—to fall down and kiss it, like Brutus—to throw their sword, like Brennus, into the trembling scale ; or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of Victory while she is hesitating where to bestow it. That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can *make the iron hot by striking*. Life is short at most ; the ends you aim at great and difficult of attainment. Waste no time, therefore, in vain repinings for what is lost.

Space is wanted for any farther extracts of orations, essays, speeches or prayers, for there were plenty of all. The University of Virginia had its Young Men's Christian Association, among other societies, strongly represented, and with an address bursting out with both piety and patriotism, but both of a particularly southern character.

Of the Virginia Military Institute it may be said that its annual report deplores the desolations that the war made upon it, but is exultant with hope for the future. The Institute reopened on the 18th of October, 1865. Sixteen cadets, without the usual conveniences of quarters in barracks, or other academic arrangements, responded to the call, and amid the ruins of their *Alma Mater* resumed their duties.

Now, under more prosperous circumstances, the report proceeds :

I congratulate you, Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Board, at the auspicious circumstances under which you meet to-day. While you witness the ruins of this cherished institution once more resuming all their wonted beauty and proportions, and again animated by the joyous throng that now crowd every part of them, and see, as this report will presently demonstrate, upon what a substantial basis the work rests, as well in its financial as in its general aspect, you cannot fail to experience a proud satisfaction at your administration.

Commodore Maury has been appointed a Professor in the Institute, on whom the University of Cambridge, in England, has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws.

One word on the Commencement Exercises of the Richmond Female Institute. They are spoken of in glowing terms. The essays of the young ladies were, some of them, on important subjects, and, doubtless, were able and interesting. But they were all read by men, woman's brain being in its sphere in the composition of them, but her lips and lungs quite out of it in their presentation. So the labor was judiciously divided. The Address to the graduating class, by Rev. J. A. Chambliss, contained the following counsels :

Upon the pleasant prospect he most heartily congratulated them, and at the same time begged to submit a word of caution. It was only this : "*Fuyez les dangers de loisir.*" Every hour of a nothing-to-do life is an hour of peril. Leave the brain idle, and, according to the old adage, the master-workman of evil will immediately open shop there, start his machinery, and, before anybody knows, will be turning out the works of darkness with appalling rapidity. It is the easiest thing in the world for one who has nothing to do to do nothing. If he were speaking to young men he would say, get employment of any honorable kind ; to young ladies not the same, but a similar word must be spoken. You cannot now knit socks for our soldier-boys, but you can do other handiwork for father and brother. You cannot now go to the hospital couch with sweet words of cheer and soft hands of attention for sick and wounded patriots, but you can go with like gentle ministrations to the desolate houses of the widow and orphan, and to other abodes of poverty and suffering. Another thought—the time has passed when imported "schoolmarms" and pedagogues are preferred by southern people ; upon our own young men and women devolves the education of our youth, and nothing can be more worthy of womanhood than to labor in this noble cause.

Had some of these sentiments been inculcated in the south fifty years ago, torrents of tears and blood might have been spared. The idleness and indolence always produced by slavery tend ever to the same result. The young women of the south will need better counsel than was there given, and other employment beside that of "schoolmarms." But they can commence with that, where they are competent. It will be a sublime improvement on all their past. But what the north is most concerned to know is, what shall be taught in the south, if the twain are again to be made one. Our apology for this long article is, that a good understanding may be reached on this vastly important subject. If the eloquence of Beecher and the wealth of Gerrit Smith and other excellent and benevolent persons are to be tributary to the support of southern Literary and Military institutions, it certainly is most important to know what shall be their quality, and what their probable effect on the future destiny of the nation.

P. P.

HOLIDAY ABSURDITIES.

In the first year of my recollection, sitting at the feet of a loved one, before a huge hicory fire in a country farm-house, I was taught reverence for the Bible, Washington, and Independence Day simultaneously. The sympathetic tear is as ready, and the thrill as acute at anything patriotic as in those wondering, childish days; and yet, I cannot help the feeling of disgust which comes with the first note of preparation for the Fourth of July pandemonium, and which remains long after the last faint echoes of maudlin voices have died away. I look out of my window at the numberless brilliant lights sailing off into the heavens, and wonder they are not prevented from reaching their intended height by the weight of misery which each dollar represented by them could relieve, and does not. Thirty thousand dollars! It all ends in smoke to-night, and not one soul in this vast city, where poverty and pain are the rule, one jot the better; indeed, the poor are not only poorer, but infinitely more miserable through the drunkenness which the day seems to necessitate. Many a promising boy, just merging into manhood, will get his downward impulse through that *first glass* drunk in celebration of a day which means nothing to him, save unlimited freedom from restraint. While I write, I hear the heart-rending screams and supplications of some poor woman who might have been blessed with exemption from cruelty, for this one night, at least, but for the day and occasion. Hundreds of hard-working women will receive their only reminders of the day through a demand for their hardly-earned money, to be frittered away by husbands who reward the sacrifice with extra blows in force and numbers. Is human nature, after all, under restraint when it behaves itself, and so innately bad, that it must needs be allowed, by both law and custom, a thrice-yearly breaking-out, with an occasional extra, that the imposed decorum may for the remainder of the year be possible? If this day's celebration added one additional truly patriotic throb to the heart, or thought to the mind, or brought one compunctious pang to the conscience of base men who pervert the principles which it is intended to commemorate to baser ends, it would in a measure redeem some of the attendant evils; but even so, the loyalty which requires drumming up every now and then is not trustworthy. And then, by what right of reason do city officials appropriate the people's money to a waste which adds an injury to its loss? To be sure, it's six of one and half-dozen the other, whether they appropriate it to their own use or to some general folly, with the exception that the first is theft, only while the latter is theft and abuse. Do the poor not know that indirectly *they* are taxed for those things? and, that when witnessing what seems to them a gratuitous exhibition, they are looking at the expenditure of their own money which means an extra dollar or two to the month, on a rent already too great by half? Whiskey is the demon king of the poor, and the official whose influence helps to give it unlimited license, for twelve hours even, is a traitor to his race.

Public days fill the coffers of Pot-house murderers at the expense of life in the long run, thereby making paupers, orphans, and criminals, to say nothing of the attendant wretchedness and sorrow, before the end is reached, and I earnestly protest that all upright persons should set their faces against the celebration of days which serve no purpose; and moreover, all persons who assist by their presence or means are, in view of these possible evils, accessories before the fact, and indirectly responsible for the results.

This keeping to the letter without one particle of the spirit, is nearly as ridiculous and paradoxical, as representing Liberty with the female form, while the whole sex is enslaved. My conviction is, that Fourth of July celebrations don't pay; and I believe the sentiment will be echoed to-morrow morning by every participant in this day's proceedings. I also propose, that the Goddess of Liberty be habited in male garb, as typical of the contradiction between practice and profession, till women are given the elective franchise and made free indeed!

Midnight, July 4th. MRS. S. F. N.

THE lady who translated the article headed "La Grève du Milliard," in this day's issue, is a resident of this city, and desires employment as a translator (of French and Italian). Her address can be had by inquiry at the office of "THE REVOLUTION."

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY.—We have no room to-day for half our letters, calling loudly for a new political party and Presidential nomination.

SCENE IN AN IRISH COURT.

THE Dublin *Irishman* gives an account of the trial of George Francis Train in a court of insolvency. We have room but for the closing scene. The court absolutely refused to Mr. Train's counsel a single word. Then (says the account) arose Train and said, I came here as a stranger, and I must say I did not get the fair play that I would if I were an Englishman or an Irishman. With regard to the fiat, I look upon the whole thing as a farce, and I believe it to be a political dodge. The official assignee——

Mr. Levy (Mr. Train's Counsel)—Would your lordship allow me ——

M. Train—Allow me, Mr. Levy. I am now my own counsel.

Judge Miller, who appeared rather nervous, said he was very anxious to allow every latitude to Mr. Train, as a stranger to this country.

Mr. Train—I do not understand anything of your law.

Judge Miller—I have made the decision I have done upon the ground that the schedule does not afford the requisite information.

Mr. Train—I have given every information in my power, You said my first schedule was a farce. I say I believe it to be the most honest schedule that was ever brought into your court, and I pronounce my trial a farce.

Judge Miller—I will give you any information I can, but I cannot allow you to comment upon my judgment.

Mr. Train—It is altogether a political affair.

Judge Miller—I cannot hear you on this topic.

Mr. Train.—You will allow me to make a remark.

Judge Miller—I will allow you to make any remark you please, but I cannot hear you talking of politics.

Mr. Train—I wish to say that all the persons engaged against me are government officers. Mr. Ashurst (Ashurst, Morris, and Co.) is Solicitor to the Post-office, Mr. Fitzgerald is a government officer, and you are a government officer.

Judge Miller—No, I am not. I am not a government officer.

Mr. Train here turned to the audience, and at the highest pitch of his sonorous voice, said:

I here solemnly protest against the proceedings from beginning to end. I protest in the name of the American government against this arrest. Your lordship stated that there was no appeal from your decision in this court, but I APPEAL TO THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND I WILL YET HAVE THE POWER TO REMOVE YOU FROM THE BENCH! THERE HAS BEN NO FAIR DEALING FROM THE COMMENCEMENT. IT IS A SWINDLE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT; BUT I SHALL YET HAVE POWER, AND THAT BEFORE TWO YEARS ARE OVER, TO REPAY THEM!

The effect of this speech was electrical. Every person in the densely-crowded court rose. Every sentence uttered by Mr. Train was followed by bursts of enthusiastic applause, and, at its conclusion, the cheers were almost deafening. Judge Miller appeared to be not a little alarmed at the attitude of the people, and policemen flocked into the court, ready to act in case of emergency. When order was partially restored, Mr. Train was removed in custody. On making his appearance in the courtyard, Mr. Train was greeted with cheers, and as he proceeded to the marshalsea in custody of two hatchmen, the cheering continued until at Arran-quay some members of the police force came and dispersed the crowd. Mr. Train was then conducted to the marshalsea without any further demonstration.

LETTERS FROM MR. TRAIN.

IMPRISONED FOR LIFE AND NO APPEAL.—A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.—HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER SAYS IT IS TIME FOR HIM TO COME HOME, AND HE IS A PERPETUAL PRISONER.

FOUR COURTS, MARSHALSEA,
June 24, 1868.

DEAR "REVOLUTION": Glad to get, to-day, "REVOLUTIONS" to the 4th of June, and letters from many friends. Nagle, Meany, John Martin, and not the least from yourselves. My little Sue Belle writes that I ought to be back. But how can I? Has a Fenian prisoner affections? One would not think so from the action of our government. Re Costello and Warren.

LETTER FROM THE LITTLE BUFFALO HUNTER AT SCHOOL.

PELHAM PRIORY, Wednesday Evening,
June 10, 1868.

DEAR PAPA: I received both of your letters, and I was very glad to hear from you. I cannot imagine what you are doing abroad so long. I think it is about time for you to set your face homewards. How did you succeed going through the *Bankruptcy* Court? Well, I hope. I am very much obliged to you, papa dear, for those monograms. They are exceedingly pretty. You say nothing about foreign postage stamps. Are they more difficult to get than the monograms? I am particularly in want of some, as I am very anxious to get a nice collection for my new book. I expect you in less than three weeks. You must come, or I shall be greatly disappointed. Won't we have a splendid time this summer, yachting, driving, riding, fishing, and everything to make the time pass pleasantly? Mamma is going to Newport the 18th of the month, and poor me, I am afraid, will have to stay here until the school closes. But I am going to ask mamma if I can't go away, too. Darling papa, I must close with much love. I remain your loving daughter, SUE.

THE HOWL OF THE WOUNDED ANIMAL.

Mr. G. F. Train gave one of his characteristic lectures in Leeds last night, before a full audience of excited Irishmen. Mr. Train denounced England in bitter terms; but the best answer to his strictures is the fact that he can with impunity talk treasonable stuff in our large towns. That freedom of speech exists in England cannot, at any rate, be denied by Mr. Train.—*Leeds Tory Organ.*

Have written letters to *Sun*, *Express*, *Pilot*, and special to the *World*. I get none of the Sunday *Worlds*. As I am in prison for life, you need not be afraid of writing for fear of missing me.

GIVE THE ANGEL HIS DUE.—THE ARMY OF WOMEN EULOGIZED BY MR. TRAIN.—THE WOMAN'S CLUB IN BOSTON.—BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES—OR ONE SHILLING FOR A WIFE.

JUNE 27, 1868.

DEAR "REVOLUTION": Let us give the angel his due. B. F. B. was truly loyal. He raised the first American flag on the capitol. He is sound on greenbacks. He has pluck and brains. And now he follows the wake of "THE REVOLUTION" on *quack medicines*. These things cover a multitude of sins. Let us give the angel his due.

Mr. Butler objected, giving as his reason for doing so that the manufacturers of patent medicines were the least useful and of the least consequence, except to themselves. (Laughter.) They were taxing the people for no earthly good, but to poison them, and, therefore, he wanted these patent medicine people to be taxed everywhere.

Mr. Butler declared that Mr. Ayer was no constituent of his, but he did not believe that his preparations were valuable to any but himself. He had derived from them a large income, which was due to his own energy and to his large persistent advertising (and to the gullibility of the people, Mr. Farnsworth suggested). It would be to the advantage of the people if all these pills, powders, tinctures, troches, lozenges, extracts, toilet waters, etc., were legislated out of existence. They only spoiled the

health of the men and the beauty of the women. (Laughter.) The gentleman from New York (Mr. Barnes) had occupied a good deal of the time of the Committee, but could get only one man to vote for his amendments, and that was himself. (Laughter.)—*Debate in Congress on Tax bill.*

THREE CHEERS FOR THE ARMY OF AMAZONS.

Ring the bells. Sound the timbrels. Sing hosannahs! For the hour of Jubilo has come. Three cheers for Lopez. Here are leaders from *Times* and *Telegraph*. Well done, South America. Joan of Arc and Maid of Saragossa, give us your hand. An army of women! Why not? Better fight than starve. Physical strength and endurance, women possess as well as men. Better be soldiers than prostitutes. Better fight than practice *Restellism*. Better have open air exercise than be shut up in Fifth Avenue or Mercer street. This will help emancipate woman. Oh, push on the Revolution! Woman will elect a President in 1872.

THE ARMING OF WOMEN BY LOPEZ.—The correspondent of the *Brazil and River Plate Mail*, writing from Buenos Ayres under date May 14th, says:

"An army of women confronts the allies! Lopez has enrolled the Amazons of Paraguay, and we have now entered upon what may be called, for the sake of distinction—the petticoat campaign! Let not the reader smile incredulously. The fact is so. Brigadier General Eliza Lynch commands the main body of the female army, which is encamped midway between the pass of the river and a small inland town. On the road to Villa Rica her right wing, under Mrs. Captain Herrero, has deployed to the left a little, to hang on the allies should they assail the position at Tebiquary, held by Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Margaret Fereira, and her fair brigade of 'womankind.' Can 'stern visaged Mars' prove unpropitious, or do other than crown with success the military ardor of his new votaries? I am no 'Sir Oracle' and cannot say; possessing no gifts of prophecy, I take refuge in a convenient *quien sabe?* But seriously, these military titles sound strangely to the ear in connection with names that have hitherto only figured in the humanising concerns of love and family affection, but are now incongruously associated with the rough and bloody trade of war. A scandal has been brought upon the civilization of the age, and Lopez must answer to public opinion for thus tearing the women of Paraguay from their homes to fill the exhausted ranks of a worn-out army. On such an act the world cries 'Shame!' According to authentic accounts, relays of girls and women are constantly at the headquarters of the feminine Commander-in-Chief, to whom has been entrusted the guerilla portion of the campaign. The males are absorbed in defending Humaita, Timbo, the encampment at Villa Rica, and the fortification at Lambare. On this subject the Buenos Ayres *Standard* has the following remarks: 'But let it not be supposed that there is any exaggeration in the foregoing news; every newspaper in Buenos Ayres has already published the glaring and awful fact that Lopez had commenced recruiting women! The only difference is, that we give the news more in detail, having at our command superior information from the foreigners up the river. As to the exact number of the women under arms in Paraguay at present it is impossible to say, owing to the varied and conflicting statements; but for years past a great portion of the heavy work attending on camp life has been performed by the unfortunate daughters of that once lovely country! Even in the trenches around Humaita the weak arm of woman has shovelled out the earth to make a grave for the allied invaders! Female couriers have gone from point to point over the country with dispatches, the steamers and vessels in the port of Asuncion have been alternately discharged and laden by the trembling hands of the women in the capital. Everything of worth and capital that these poor women possessed has been snatched from them to assist in the defence of their country! They have toiled in the field for the last three years; they have sowed, raised, and harvested the crops; they have made clothes for the soldiers from the fibres of plants; they have maintained the hospitals, cared for the wounded and sick; they have supplied the army—and now, with Satanic power, they are dragged to the front, and placed in the breach to fight the whole allied army!'"

THE ABSORPTION OF "THE REVOLUTION."

"THE REVOLUTION" draws into its maelstrom everything that interests woman. Let all the sex preach in your pulpit. Exchange with all womankind. It is time the world had the dual ideas.

NEW ENGLAND WOMEN'S CLUB.—Among the many excellent meetings of Anniversary week, not the least interesting was the opening meeting of the New England Women's Club, held at Chickering Hall on Saturday morning, May 30th.

Mrs. C. M. Severance, the president, gave a clear and comprehensive statement of the aims and purposes of the organization. The secretary read the articles of the constitution, and was followed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in an address at once earnest and entertaining.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney next spoke of the beneficent uses that might grow out of the union of noble women.

Addresses were also made by Rev. J. Weiss, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, James Freeman Clarke, and R. W. Emerson, each of whom took a warm interest in the movement, and prophesied for it a future of constantly increasing usefulness. Mr. Frothingham alluded to a Women's Club at this time forming in New York city, which has for its object kindred aims.

To judge from the tenor of the remarks made on this occasion, this union meets the wants of women on many sides. Those who wish merely for the outward comfort of a place of rest for a few hours while in the city will find a comfortable sofa in a quiet room. Those who feel the need of social life will meet there intelligent and earnest people. The philanthropic can there have an opportunity to consult with others of like aims, and to organize effective work.

A registry will be opened for the mutual benefit of those who have talents with which to earn their livelihood, and those seeking the employment of such talent.

Nor is the æsthetic element to be disregarded. The club proposes to embellish its rooms with paintings and other works of art; to provide books and pamphlets for the solitary leisure hour; social reunions, with their varied attractions of music, readings, etc., for the evenings' entertainments.—*Boston Transcript.*

BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES.

Starvation, prostitution, bankruptcy, hypocrisy, villany, debauchery, make a hell of England—a great charnel house of crime—where the nobles own the past and mortgage the future. Slavery is raging in Britain.

THE WIFE SOLD FOR A SHILLING.—Yesterday, at the Barnsley police-court, before the Rev. H. B. Cooke and a full bench of magistrates, Sarah Jane Ellis was brought up under the following circumstances: Police-constable Beardsworth, of the Wakefield division of the West Riding Constabulary, stated that he found the woman at Crigglestone on Monday evening lying in a ditch, her clothing completely saturated with rain, having been exposed to the heavy thunderstorm which fell on that night. He took her to Wakefield police-station, where she remained until yesterday, when she was brought before the sitting magistrates at that town. It was then discovered that she was the same woman who had been brought up a week or ten days ago, and who, some years since, was sold to a man named George White, of Beckett's Spa-house, Barnsley, by her husband for one shilling, which was spent in drink. When she was found at Crigglestone she was unable to give any account of herself. When last she was before the Wakefield magistrates the man White, who had bought her, and with whom she had been living as housekeeper, took charge of her, and promised to look after her, the woman being subject to fits. The Wakefield magistrates yesterday ordered the woman to be transferred to Barnsley, and during the sitting of the court at the latter town, the woman was brought up; but the magistrates declined to interfere with the case. The chairman said the woman had been found in the Wakefield district, and as they had no desire to travel out of their own district, the officer must take the woman back to Wakefield.

Many thanks for the kind words I see in "THE REVOLUTION." It is a great paper, and is making its mark on the age. There is no such word as fail.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE FATAL STEP.—The *Sun* says the fatal point of the democratic ticket is the nomination of Gen. F. P. Blair for the Vice-Presidency; but "THE REVOLUTION" thinks the whole ticket, the platform, speeches, and all the business of the Convention was fatal; was fatal to much more than the democratic party!

DIFFERENCES IN RELIGION.

WHEN, a good many years ago, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church went asunder and became "Old School" and "New School," a Class of Seniors in a Congregational Theological Seminary devoted much time and study to an attempt to find the precise practical difference between the two. To the best of our recollection, they failed. And now as those august bodies themselves have lost sight of it, and are making good haste to reconstruct their old union, it is charitable to believe the differences were not much after all; were never visible to any but microscopic vision; and that only the anointed eyeballs of the clerical order ever discovered it.

So too, just now, in the Church of England, there has risen a dusty difference that darkens all the air. For "Old School" and "New School," there is "High Church" and "Low Church," and the curious in such subtilties are again abroad with their instruments, to discover what this new commotion in the church militant may mean. One party reports progress to this extent, in the *Public Spirit:* "The High Church addresses the people as "Brethren Beloved": the Low Church pugnaciously persists in addressing them as "Beloved Brethren." The High Church contends for "*ah men*" in the Responses, the Low will have it "Amen." Another party reports generally on the whole difference, that "The two are just alike, only one is a little more so." The High has one ray more, the Low one shade less."

Were the shepherds kindly to leave the flocks to themselves, there would be none of this vain, foolish and wicked wrangling. Only the leaders ever see, know, or in themselves, care anything about them. Every farmer's boy who keeps sheep has seen a few rays of sunlight shooting through some knot hole in the side of the fold, and stretching like a string across the building, which the leader of his ewes would mistake for an obstruction, and, with a bound, would go over it. The whole flock must then leap the airy nothing in the same way.

VULGARITY IN HIGH PLACES.—Spiritual wickedness in high places is almost a mortal sin in Scripture estimate. Not less so should low vulgarity be in the empire of Belles lettres. We always put on our best behavior in presence of the *Round Table*, and defer to it most respectfully on every question of polite literature, and are delighted too with the moral tone of many of its articles, indeed the most of them. But when it stoops to spelling negro with two g's, reckless of all English dictionaries, and when it flippantly talks of "nigger minstrels," and "performing baboons," as apparently about equal part and parcel of the circus, it shames and shocks our whole moral nature. The dishes of the *Round Table* should be fit food for gods; but draff like that should be confined to the stye. Even William H. Seward long ago said no man ever would be President who spelled negro in that way; and it certainly is confidently to be hoped that in this at least, he may be found a true prophet.

THE Boston *Congregationalist* gives a very interesting and commendatory account of Miss Amelia B. Parsons, who died last week in that city, and who had been a compositor in the office of that journal for more than fifteen years.

THE KINDER GARTEN.

The Kinder Garten was instituted in Germany about thirty years ago. Its founder was Frederic Frœbel. Its name implies what it is, a school for children. No books are used, but instruction is imparted by stories, games, objects, and some light physical labor, to which must be coupled the fact that each child has a little garden in the school grounds, appropriated to its sole use, where it can indulge in horticultural tastes to its fullest extent.

The institution, we are told, was for awhile looked upon as a Quixotism of the founder, but when it turned out to be but the inception of a grand educational plan, afterwards propounded, it quickly became popular, and is now almost inseparable from the German schools of higher grade. The design of the author was to separate the knowledge or thought of study from the early acquirements of youth.

The interior of one of these schools is described by visitorrs to them as a great curiosity In one at Bremen the children are arranged in classes, and have patterns before them for everything they do, the teacher superintending the labor, and every pains is taken to impart as much elementary instruction as possible. The moment the pupil shows signs of fatigue or uneasiness the employment is changed. All weariness is avoided. The room for exercises is very large, and neatly ornamented. The boys and girls all enter promiscuously and are ordered to assume some position corresponding to the story the teacher is about to tell. It may be that of a regiment, as the teacher narrates the incidents of a certain battle. First comes a battle song, in which all join. Then the battle commences in earnest. After the victory a peaceful tale is narrated in verse, all joining in the chant and all assuming attitudes to suit the different styles of narration and subjects. So the exercises are continually varied, and the child learns while amusing itself. Certain doctors, more sensitive on such matters than sensible, think that religious instruction is too much neglected in these schools. They do not object to the training as far as it goes, nor the complete code of morals adopted for their control; but, oh! the infant should learn metaphysics, and the doctrine of Christianity, and many other such things which not only belong to maturer years, but which, alas! are even then too deep for human comprehension.

VINNIE REAM IN ENGLAND.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* thus speaks of our young artist who has stirred the ire of the radical members of Congress, by refusing to aid them in impeaching the President:

It wil be a long time before a committee room in the Houses of Parliament is given rent free to any young woman who feels a call for modelling figures, but Miss Vinnie Ream is popular with American legislators. She is young, pretty, dark-eyed, and has all the vivacity and fire which characterize the children of the West, especially of the female sex. She not only got the room, but also a commission for a large statue of President Lincoln; and now, unfortunately, she is turned adrift with all her models—which, by-the-by, included a very pretty model of her own bust. The poor young lady, after being for nearly three years the pet of the Capitol, is cast out of doors helpless and unprotected. The story of her having influenced Senator Ross is absurd, but Miss Ream—"Vinnie," as she is affectionately called in the halls of Congress—may have had her political prejudices, and for this she is called upon to suffer. When the female champions of liberty in this country have accomplished their object they may find work to do across the Atlantic. Their enslaved sisters will be glad of their help. But if a woman cannot be a politician there without being made to smart for it, as poor Miss Ream is doing, the ladies who have in gratitude subscribed £70 each towards Mr. Mill's election expenses will find their money a bad investment.

SHELLEY ON MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

Shelley, perhaps the noblest poet of Liberty and Progress that the world has yet brought forth, married twice. His second wife was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft. She was named for her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. In dedicating to her his noble "Revolt of Islam," Shelley speaks of her mother thus:

"They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
Of glorious parent thou aspiring child;
I wonder not; for One then left this earth,
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee through the tempest dark and wild
Which vex these latter days."

LITERARY.

The Radical. A monthly magazine of Natural, Religion and Intellectual Liberty. Sydney H. Morse and Joseph B. Marvin, editors and proprietors, Boston. Three dollars a year in advance.

The *Radical* is strictly what its name and announcement mean in the popular use of terms; and is truly one of the very best journals of its kind in the English language. The July number is no better than the average. Every issue is a whole Freight Train of Moral and Spiritual provisions for which the world is famishing. It is a shame that the editors and proprietors have not yet realized any pecuniary profit from their laborious and faithful undertaking, at the end of the second volume. But so is it ever. Fortunes are made by printing and preaching the most worthless and even hurtful trash, when substantial, living and life-giving truth pines on the crumbs that fall from rich men's tables. Herod is arrayed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, John goes hungry, naked, and barefooted, and even gets beheaded for his faithfulness, after all.

The *Radical* makes a slight mistake as to "The Revolution" and Mary Wollstonecraft's invaluable work. We are publishing it entirely, to be completed in our second volume. Though the most powerful argument for Woman's Rights ever framed, it has long been wholly out of the market. The *Radical* will confer a favor by making in a few words, the correction above indicated.

Footprints of Life: or, Faith and Nature Reconciled. By Philip Harvey, M. D. New York: S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway; Pp. 140, 12 mo. Mr. Wells has done his part of the work well, and given us a very pretty book; but whether its whole statement, illustration and argument could not have been condensed into half the space, we are not sure. If so, it would have been economy too important to be overlooked, for therein is the chief value of the work. The subject hardly belongs to the realm of poetry. True, Dr. Young wrote "the Infidel Reclaimed" in measure, but it is doubtful whether even that iron-linked argument would not have been more effective in prose. Poetry in these times is perilous to attempt. It is estimated in Boston, that over ninety out of every hundred who attempt mercantile pursuits, fail. Wooers of the Muse scarcely succeed better.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine: [Incorporating now the *Northern Monthly,*] A Magazine of Literature, Science and Art. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway. London, Sampson: Low & Co. Four dollars per annum. Takes rank with the best magazine literature in the country, and needs only a little more of the Progressive, the Revolutionary, to place it first. The July number has a biographical notice of Chief-Justice Chase, with a sketch by Thomas Nast, drawn and expresely engraved for this work.

Packard's Monthly. An American magazine, devoted to the interests of the young men of the country. One dollar per annum. New York: S. S. Packard, 937 Broadway. A readable, lively and generally instructive journal. One drawback perhaps, in this Mammonisd of ours; almost all its heroes are eminent money getters; "Eminent men" it calls them—relieved a little by an article from the pen of James Parton, entitled, "Don't be a mere money-maker;" but even he says, "have two strings to your bow;....have a pursuit distinct from the occupation by which you live;" implying that money may after all be man's *chief* end. But we like the Monthly. It cannot fail to succeed; and its moral success may be equal to its monetary. It is not afraid of moral and progressive ideas, and is evidently an explorer in the yet comparatively unknown regions, where the richest of these are to be found.

The Home *Guardian*, Boston. New England Female Moral Reform Society. Office, 21 Newton Place. The society whose organ the *Guardian* is has existed formany years, and deserves to be very highly esteemed for its work's sake. The *Guardian* is issued monthly, at one dollar per annum, in advance. The profits of this valuable journal, together with all donations entrusted to the society, are devoted to sustaining the Temporary Home and other operations to promote the cause of Moral Purity and Virtue.

Fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, with super-elegant photographs of the principal buildings. Boston; Wright & Potter, 4 Spring Lane. Got up in a style most complimentary to the Art of Printing. Our own printer, Mr. Johnston need not have done it better; and we know of no other who could.

The Michigan *University Magazine*, issued by a board o editors elected from the Senior Class by the Undergraduates. Ten numbers will be issued during each college year. Terms, $2 a year, payable in advance; single numbers, 25 cents. Address Editors Michigan University Magazine, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The *Massachusetts Teacher*. A journal of Home and School Education. Daniel B. Hagan, John Kneeland and Granville B. Putnam, Editors. Monthly. $1,50 per annum, or single numbers, 15 cents.

The American Stock Company.—Farmers and stock breeders, who look to their own interests, might send for a copy of this interesting Monthly Magazine. Specimen copies free. Address N. P. Boyer & Co., Publishers, Parkersburg, Chester Co., Pa.

Catalogue and Sixth Annual Announcement of the New York Medical College for Women, together with Charter. Splendidly produced by Francis & Loutrell, Printers and Stationers, 45 Maiden Lane.

Public Spirit. A monthly magazine for the million. New York: Le Grand Benedict, 234 Broadway. Many of its articles are good, and entertaining too; and only 25 cents a number.

The Medical Record. A semi-monthly journal of Medicine and Surgery. George F. Shrady, M. D., editor. William Wood & Co., 61 Walker street, New York, four dollars per annum.

American Publisher and Bookseller. A Record of American and Foreign Literature. Published monthly. New York: G. R. Cathcart, 39 Park Row.

The True Rights of Women. By Catharine Williams, Huntington, Indiana, pp. 39, 12 mo.

EDUCATION OF AN EGPTIAN RULER.

I was conducted into this room, and commanded, by a voice unknown and from an invisible person, to seat myself upon a stone chair in the centre of the room. I obeyed; for princes, during their initiation, are taught constantly, that he who would know how to command, must learn how to obey; and thus, in these rites submission and obedience are inculcated, as necessary elements in the character of one who wishes to exact them from others. Indeed, the whole routine of the ceremonies * * * is calculated to impress upon the heart of a prince the wisest lessons in self-government, and the profoundest knowledge of himself. Every temptation is offered him that he may resist it. Every condition of life, from hunger and thirst upward, he passes through in his progress. Three nights and days I fasted in the temple of Pthah, that I might pity the hungry; two days I suffered thirst, that I might feel for the thirsty; six hours I toiled with burdens, that I might know how my poorer subjects toiled: one hour I was a servant, another a prisoner, a third cup-bearer to the high priest.—*Pillar of Fire.*

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1868.

"THE REVOLUTION."

Press of matter and of business last week prevented any announcement that we were entering on our second volume. We did send each subscriber a Circular calling attention to it, and also bespeaking earnest and increased effort to extend our circulation. No American newspaper ever set out with a higher, holier purpose, and so none ever deserved, and we can surely say none ever achieved a more brilliant success, in so short a time. We have secured the ear, awakened the conscience and enlisted the heart of the country in behalf of the great cause of humanity and Equal Rights to an extent unparalleled in history; and if our friends will but lend us their hearty co-operation, we shall, by the end of the year, in spite of Presidential nominations and elections, be able to present accomplishment and prospect to make glad the heart of every friend of justice and freedom.

S. B. A.

DEMOCRACY RESTORED.

The long agony is over. The fearful suspense is apparently relieved. The democrats are again in the field, unterrified as ever, united, vigorous, defiant as before the war. Their seven years captivity (not *seventy*, as the Babylonian) are ended, and the tribes are permitted to return. Their deputies have held secret counsel in New York, and the orders are in execution, not only for their reconstruction and reunion with one another and their restoration to the old nationality, but also for their return to power and place as rightful lords, masters and rulers of this great Confederacy. And with characteristic honesty and boldness they have indicated their policy and purpose when they shall have again come to the throne. Since the annexation of Texas, thirty years ago, the name of democracy has been but the synonym of diabolism; and whatever southern slavery and slaveholders needed or desired to prolong or augment their power, has been granted. Outrages upon the Indians, War with Mexico, Fugitive Slave law, Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Border Ruffian Rule in Kansas are but a part of the exhibitions of southern arrogance and domination, and of northern sycophancy and subserviency in that period. Every way superior to the South, in population, wealth, enterprise, intelligence and moral culture, and for many years with a majority vote in both Houses of Congress, the North crouched and cowered as submissively to every demand of the slave power, as ever did a plantation negro to the look or lash of a tyrant master. And but for the mysterious blunder of an appeal to arms, the South could have retained that supremacy unto this day.

Long ago, James Buchanan said, and said truly, that the democratic party was the natural ally of slavery. And most meekly and submissively it served its lord. No slave in the rice swamp was ever more faithful. And the Convention last week, in this city, plainly showed that in nature and spirit both master and servant remain unchanged. Both have survived the purgatorial fires of the war, and each instinctively resumes its former place and position. Slaveholders used to say they would yet call the roll of their slaves on Bunker Hill, meaning, of course, their white slaves. Perhaps they will. They certainly have done it in the new Tammany Hall. What a consecration of that proud structure! It might have been dedicated to justice, to freedom, and the worshippers within would have achieved a triumph before which all republican boast would have paled forever out of sight. But so it could not be. Now, probable defeat and certain dishonor are assured. Such a party suicide the world never knew before. The republican party never appreciated the situation. The war was prolonged year after year with its immeasurable losses until emancipation became a military necessity. Another four years have been dismally wasted by it in the wildest and wickedest attempts at reconstruction on the basis of injustice and cruelty. And now one more opportunity has been given to the democratic party, which it has ignominiously spurned and rejected. The crack of the southern lash has awed it back to its old degradation, but will not lift it again to power. A worse nomination could not have been made for even a political success. Its platform is beneath contempt, because it has already achieved all it ever will. On the most vital question, that of suffrage and personal liberty, both platforms are simply odious. The states can disfranchise their citizens at pleasure. On finance and taxation both are vague, and at best only declare a determination to be guided by circumstances. Neither is worth the paper on which it is written. Both parties would pay both the Federal and Confederate debt or either, or repudiate both or either, for the sake of party success. Both would create or destroy negro suffrage in the south exactly as they do in the north for the same lofty reason. Their history as well as present position and conduct reveal their character and purpose, and why waste words in speculating upon them! Both are doomed of heaven, and their leaders should be dreaded and deserted by all who would rescue our nationality and save the people from longer and more ruinous spoliation.

The one feature of the Democratic Convention most worthy of note is the bold and defiant tone of the southern delegates. Whoever dreams that the rebellion is crushed should study well their utterances. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, said:

It has been the earnest desire of the south since the war closed to join with the democratic party, and I want you all to know that if we had been willing to go to the radical party we could have made any terms that we chose; but we determined to take defeat with the democracy rather than by sacrificing our principles to gain success with the radicals. We believed that if we were true to those principles, if we were true to ourselves, that God would not forsake us, and that those great principles of American liberty, the great underlying principles of the democratic party, would triumph, and that we would at last be free and delivered from the ruin which has been impending over us. * * * I want you all to register an oath that when they do vote that those votes shall be counted, and if there is a majority of white votes that you will place Seymour and Blair in the White House in spite of all the bayonets that can be brought against them. I appeal to you by that sworn oath; I appeal to you in the name of race, by all the common traditions of the past, by the time when South Carolina sent her soldiers to fight here and at Boston, by the memories of the Revolution, by all the past and by every hope of the future, to stand together to give us deliverance and to give success to those nominees whom you have placed as your standard bearers to-day.

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, said:

The military despotism of the south brought me here before you. You might take me, from this admission, to be a damned rebel. He was one of those who accepted the situation; but he was not content to be tamely subjugated to negro rule, as it was to be judged by events in Dahomey, Hayti and St. Domingo. He came here to plead for his home and country and a brave people; and as such he thought his remarks would be received by them in the spirit in which he intended them. There was nothing left in his old State but scallawags and carpet baggers. There is a tide flowing over the south that if not stayed will cover the north as well as the south. The whole State of North Carolina was in the hands of the negro and a few poor, miserable, despicable whites. The south is turned into a penal colony, open to every scallawag that likes to come among the people there. * * * There must be an end to the present deplorable state of affairs. They had bowed to the yoke long enough, and it was now time that they should arise and assert their manhood under the constitution. This great country must be restored to its original position of grandeur and greatness, or else constitutional liberty is gone for ever. The democratic party is able to right these evils—and the party need only put the shoulder to the wheel to help the south out of the "Slough of Despond" into which it had fallen.

Governor Perry, of South Carolina, had every reliance on the democracy of the north, northwest and of the east to rally to the support of these candidates; and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together there was no doubt but success in November next would alight on the democratic banner.

And Gen. F. P. Blair, afterwards nominated for Vice-President added:

My fellow-citizens, I have said that the contest before us was one for the restoration of our government; it is also for the restoration of our race. It is to prevent the people of one race from being exiled from their homes—exiled from the government which they formed and created for themselves and for their children, and to prevent them from being driven out in exile or trodden under foot by an inferior and a semi-barbarous race. In this contest we shall have the sympathy of every man who is worthy to belong to the white race. What civilized people on earth would refuse to associate with themselves in all the rights and honors and dignities of their country such men as Lee and Johnston? (Voices—"None, none.") What civilized country on earth would fail to do honor to those who, fighting for an erroneous cause, yet distinguished themselves by a gallantry never surpassed? In that contest for which they are sought to be disfranchised and to be exiled from their homes—in that contest they proved themselves worthy to be our peers.

And there were plenty more of similar utterances from the most rampant rebels of the war. And the interpretation of them is given in the letter of Gen. Blair, written two days before the Convention, and considered his final bid for nomination to the Presidency itself, as follows:

There is but one way, says Blair, to restore the government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these (Reconstruction) acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the south, disperse the carpet-bag state governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments and elect senators and representatives. The House of Representatives will contain a majority of democrats from the north, and they will admit the representatives elected by the white people of the south, and, with the co-operation of the President, it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit once more to the obligations of the Constitution. It will not be able to withstand the public judgment, if distinctly invoked and clearly expressed, on this fundamental issue, and it is the sure way to avoid all future strife to put this issue plainly to the country."

* * * * * * *

"We must have a President who will execute the will

of the people BY TRAMPLING INTO DUST THE USURPATIONS OF CONGRESS KNOWN AS THE RECONSTRUCTION ACTS.

What this nation is to prepare for is another war. Gen. Hampton presumes to talk of "bayonets" in the Convention, and Gen. Blair thinks the whole work of reconstruction so far, is *to be declared null and void by the President!* Should Mr. Seymour be elected and find his Wilkes Booth, Blair himself is President, with Gen. Hampton unquestionably his Secretary of war, and then what might not be expected! Those northern states that are disbanding their volunteer militia and discouraging military preparation and undervaluing martial valor, do not discern the signs of the times!

The abolitionists warned the nation faithfully of the impending scenes of carnage and blood years before they opened upon us. When the hour came they rushed with their countrymen to the conflict, many of them to return no more. In the hour of victory they sought to aid by their counsels in the work of reconstruction. But their words were unheeded. They adhered, too many of them, to the republican policy too long. Indeed, many of them cling to it and to the party still. Those of clearer vision abandoned both when they saw how utterly powerless the party was for good, and how almost omnipotent it was for crime, corruption and misrule. Turning to the last human resource, *the people*, they cast a friendly look to the democratic party, in the vain hope that it, tired of slavery, tired of war, and willing at last, to do justice, at least for the sake of party success if from no higher consideration, would listen to their appeal. They showed them how to secure the vote as well as everlasting gratitude of the colored race, by extending to them their inalienable rights. They helped them to comprehend and expose the growing and overwhelming depravity of the party in power. They appealed to them in the name of justice and righteousness to come to the rescue in this hour of peril, and to restore the nationality on a basis of lasting prosperity and peace, which would call down upon them the everlasting gratitude of mankind as well as make their party invincible evermore.

But the party is still joined to its idols. Like the republican, its leaders dare not trust in truth, in the people, in God. We, however, have done our duty to both, in the spirit of candor, honesty and humanity. We would gladly have aided either to a righteous reconstruction on a basis worthy the genius of the nineteenth century. To us, any government based on class, caste, color, or sex, is a falsehood, a tyranny, and will inevitably fail. This nation has tried republicanism full long enough under invidious and odious distinctions. We wash our hands from any farther complicity in such folly and criminality. We spurn, in the name of justice and humanity, any proposed reconstruction of our broken nationality that does not recognize the equal right of every citizen in framing every constitution, and in enacting and executing every law.

P. P.

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT.—We have once or twice referred to the practice of copying articles from "THE REVOLUTION," without giving the customary credit. The Delaware County *American*, published in Media, Pa., was a wholesale offender last week in that way. The Church *Advocate*, too, published in Lancaster, Pa., "for the general Eldership of the Church of God," nullified also somewhat the Eighth Commandment in the same way. Such little peccadillos done in the name of "the church of God," remind one of an early colony of Connecticut settlers, who, on arriving in the country, organized under two Resolutions: 1. Resolved, That the earth is to be given to the saints. 2. Resolved, That we, being the saints, do hereby take immediate possession; and then, woe to the Indian and the heathen ever afterward. A word to the *just* (if not the wise) is sufficient.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

THE two great political parties have met in solemn convention, and declared themselves. With the usual amount of canvassing and manœuvering they have nominated their candidates and built their platforms. The parties are so nearly alike in all they propose that it is not of the slightest consequence to the people which one triumphs. The masses will be no more taxed or oppressed under one dynasty than the other, for they are equally corrupt, selfish and partisan, neither seeking the good of the nation, but their own self aggrandisement. These platforms are milestones in the march of civilization to show what new political liberties we achieve under each Presidential term, the long and weary miles the nation has travelled through darkness and storm, through blood and war, through hot debate and stolid indifference, and the hand cut in stone, points whither we are going. We stand to-day in the great highway where two roads meet. Our leaders of both parties have taken counsel, and decided to move on in the beaten way where despots, monarchs, kings, emperors, czars, and a mighty multitude have gone before to destruction.

If these political platforms express the average thought of those who think at all, and the masses are ready to follow in their wake to share the fate of all republics that have gone before, then it is vain to propose new leaders, and a new road to peace and safety; but if the murmurs of discontent we hear among women, negroes, working men, and the few great souls that feel the mighty sorrows of the masses, though safe above want and oppression themselves, are as widespread as they seem, then let the educators of public sentiment turn from old parties and old principles, and with one simultaneous move galvanize the laboring classes into a new and higher life, teach them what their true interests are, and what laws are needed to secure to them food, clothes and homes, virtue and education, time to read and rest, and to cultivate that higher nature that is to live for ever. We have men in this nation who with real humanity and patriotism now and then give the people glimpses of a true government and social life, where, mid peace and plenty, all men and women will labor and all be fed—where those who govern will not be leeches on the body politic, wasting in luxurious living a nation's wealth, but use their wisdom for the public safety and the general good. Why is it that the masses do not rise up in their strength and expel all these corrupt men from office? They have the votes; and if they would organize and stand shoulder to shoulder, and be true to each other and themselves, such men as Stevens, Sumner, Wade, Julian, Ashley, Phillips, Carey, would soon base this nation on higher, purer principles, secure universal suffrage, and equalize the interests of labor and capital.

Those of the people who can read cannot plead ignorance of their own wrongs, nor of the incapacity and corruption of their leaders. Ashley, in an honest speech made in Congress a few weeks since, lays bare the cheat on the people of our whole caucus and convention system, by which half a dozen party manœuverers lead the multitude by the nose. Carey, in a speech of wonderful eloquence and power, delivered to conventions of working men all over the country, shows just how the money and lands of the nation are by cunning legislation concentrated in the hands of the few, and the many ground to powder. Phillips has tried for more than a quarter of a century to show how the interests of labor depended on the equalization of representation and legislation among the whole people. Ben Wade, in his blunt, outspoken way, told the people a year ago, as he has many times before, in a speech made all through the west, the dangers of land monopoly and the centralization of wealth, to which since the war we were rapidly tending. Remember the first fruits of war are the apathy and indifference of the people, and the demoralization and corruption of the leaders. And the nation is only to be redeemed by such an uprising of its virtue and intelligence as shall rouse the people to an assertion of their rights, and teach corrupt officials that the day of reckoning has come.

To this end, as an exhibition of the moral determination of the people to secure the safety and stability of this republic, let us call a national convention of all those outside party trammels, and make a platform worthy the eventful times in which we live, and nominate for the highest offices under government men who are worthy the suffrages of a thoughtful, conscientious people. Until every citizen shall be clothed with all his rights, and feel a personal responsibility for the nation's welfare, our republicanism, our democracy, is a sham, and our boasted experiment of self-government remains untried.

E. C. S.

A DIRE ALTERNATIVE.

COL. MOSS, of Missouri, whose letters from Washington last year always made the *Anti-Slavery Standard* interesting as well as useful, concludes now that there "is only one choice for radical men in the coming election, and that is to vote for Grant and Colfax, and organize for the purpose of dictating the policy of his administration." And yet he says "the republican leaders have managed to so demoralize the party as to convert it into an organization based upon present acquirements waiting for something to turn up in the future."

Readers of the *Standard* didn't used to believe in choosing the least of two evils.

Another Washington correspondent of the *Standard* says:

> Republican Members of Congress are to-day as much demoralized as they were at the July session of last year, and appear determined to commit a more criminal blunder than they did at that session.

The "blunder" meant is *adjournment*, as proposed on the 15th inst. And so he exhorts earnestly, pathetically, that the body remain in session until that same party elect their President and inaugurate him on the 4th of March, 1869. And he adds, "let a republican Congress remain in session until March next ready to meet any emergency, *and all danger will be past!!*"

"THE REVOLUTION" teaches no such confusion as this. Both parties have proved them-

themselves irredeemably corrupt, and it is high treason to liberty and the country, to justice and to God, to support either of them for an hour. So far as is known, "THE REVOLUTION" is alone in demanding *forthwith* the formation of a new political party on the basis of justice and equality to all. P. P.

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

THE following suggestions on the necessity for a new political party are contained in a private lettler from an intelligent and most excellent friend in Massachusetts:

The fact is, we can't depend upon the leaders of either party, and must have a new party with new men, but primarily, a party of ideas and principles. A party of those who mean to show their religion in their acts. I believe in the success of a religious idea, or of an idea that is a religion and not of anything less than that. I think the right note is struck by Linton and Moss, in yesterday's *Standard*, which I suppose you have read or will read. The democratic party has been a swindle from its inception to the present hour. Its great apostle, Jefferson, was a swindle, and his child is like unto him. The opposition to the democrats since the death of the Federal party, has been a compromise, afraid to trust its best instincts and its true leaders. As long as the democrats were in power the opposition had to be tolerably decent, and on that account it might be well that the old regime should come up again. Now, having got into power, the republicans have become corrupt, and it seems to me as if there were a "good time coming," when both parties could be sifted, and all the live materials rallied to the standard of principle. The dead might then unite to bury the dead. * * * It would very likely be useless to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President at present, but we might begin to organize and furnish a nucleus, which, no matter how small, if only *vital*, will grow. I take it the germinal point, is always microscopic as to matter and as to spirit, invisible, except to the spiritual eye. And I hope that we shall not content ourselves with enunciating "glittering generalities," however true, in one breath, and putting forward to represent them old party hacks and harlots like Butler, for example, in another. I trust we shall put our new wine into new bottles. In politics it is as important to have true men sometimes as true principles. Let us not only advocate Woman's right to vote, but let us offer our best representative women to be voted for. When I live to see the idea of the freedom of the worker from the tyranny of capital, represented in politics, I shall feel that the last yoke is broken for all, both men and women. P. S. C.

MAIDS OF SARAGOSSA.

THE foreign journals tell of an uprising among the women of Madrid, amounting almost to another march to Versailles of the women in the French Revolution. Four thousand female cigar makers in the government factory, not receiving their regular pay, armed with open scissors, rushed into the director's office, who only escaped with his life by jumping from the balcony outside of the window into the court below. They next set about erecting baricades—an act in which they proved adepts, inasmuch as on the arrival of the Minister of Finance, his excellency was received by a shower of brickbats, old crockery, and a variety of other utensils. He naturally retired from the scene of action, and sent down a body of police, with orders to take the factory by storm. The police effected a breach in the outworks, and captured two hundred of the Amazons, which did not prevent the remaining three thousand eight hundred from proceeding on the following day to the palace yard, and there enacting another visit of poissardes to Versailles in 1789. And to complete the parody the Queen appeared on the balcony and endeavored to appease the fair malcontents. They retired on receiving money distributed among them by her orders. The women need not much longer be told they will never vote, because suffrage means also soldiering; ballot-box balanced by the cartridge-box,—ballots only a paper currency, of which bullets are the specie redemption; for it is fast becoming apparent that women are equal as well to the rough emergencies of war as to the scenes of domestic life. If man would not see woman unsexed, let him not by cruelty and injustice commence the process. For if, as Scripture has it, "Oppression maketh even a *wise man* mad," what may it not do to *unwise woman?*

THE PARAGUAY AMAZONS.—A correspondent asks:

What will the allies do now if brought before an army of women? To fight or to run away? Which can be done with the most honor? To conquer or to be defeated? Which can the men best afford? When they return, will they prefer to be hailed as the men who whipped the women, or the men who more gallantly allowed the women to whip them?

"THE REVOLUTION" answers, Women ask no rights without accompanying responsibilities. What they ask is equality with men in rights and immunities. Then, if they are encountered, even on the battle-field, treat them accordingly.

BONDAGE TO FORM.

THE *Independent* must look to its laurels. The Chicago *Advance*, its worthy competitor, is abroad and means business in its wrestle with the bondage of sect and religious formality. Speaking of churches destitute of ministers, it says, owing to the notion that only an ordained clergyman has the right to preach and to administer the sacraments, no sermons are delivered, no children are baptized, no table of the Lord is spread, and probably no public worship is held!.....It is time that these remnants of Romish doctrine and practice disappeared. They are contrary to the New Testament conception of the church and ministry. Under Christianity there is no priesthood as a separate class, order or caste in the church to whom alone is committed the valid administration of ordinances. Neither the theory nor the practice appears in the New Testament.....As of abstract *individual right*, therefore, every Christian man may preach and administer the ordinances..... No church has a right to neglect public worship, or obedience to Christ's command, "This do in remembrance of me," or the baptism of its children, because it has no ordained minister..... If months pass and no minister can be had, let the abler brethren take turns in preaching at one service on the Lord's Day, and let the Lord's Supper and baptism be administered by the deacons.

Every liberal and intelligent person will rejoice at such unmistakable evidence that bondage to forms is fast passing away. Dogma and doctrine long ago lost their terrors in the more enlightened sects, and the kingdom of righteousness and peace is fast coming in their stead.

DE GUSTIBUS, ETC.—Dr. Holland, describing his fellow voyagers to England last month, says, there was a maiden lady with a pet lap-dog on her way to Paris, to consult an eminent physician on her pet's health. The doctor says the dog is sixteen years old, and his devoted mistress hopes and prays that she may keep him till twenty-five. He has bronchitis and a cough. He is ugly. He looks like a dirty mop, but he is tenderly beloved by a woman who ought to be married and to have children to absorb her affections. The affections of a spotless maid, the powers o the immortal soul surrendered to a purp! However, the doctor thinks, and so do we, that a woman may as well worship a dog as worship herself.

MADAME OLYMPE AUDOUARD has arrived in this country. Some translations from her golden pen are enriching the columns of "THE REVOLUTION." The papers speak of her as a lady whom all that is brightest and best in France delights to honor; as a traveller who has seen the interior of Oriental life in the nineteenth century more thoroughly, and describe it more truly than did Lady Mary Wortley Montague in the eighteenth century; and a writer whose resolute but graceful assertion of the rights of her sex to equality with man before the law, has won for her the sympathy and the friendship of the finest minds of Europe.

GREELEY.—Mr. Greeley, in speaking of the overtures of the Woman's Suffrage Association of America, says they were received with "screams of laughter," forgetting (?) to mention the applause. How were your overtures received by the American people, Mr. Greeley, when you attempted to prove that you did not make a fool of yourself at Niagara, and by your various other statesmanlike performances, during the last few years?—with silent contempt!

MARRIAGE.—Voltaire used to say, the more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar or a bird with one wing can keep a straight course. But we are thrown upon times so wholly degenerate, that this remedy seems almost to fail. Until woman is emancipated and elevated morally and spiritually, *and man with her*, even marriage itself must continue to be often far more a curse than a blessing.

WHO WERE VOTERS.—Mr. Bancroft, in his history, says "white men alone could claim the franchise in Virginia, in South Carolina and in Georgia, but in South Carolina a benign interpretation of the law classed the free octoroon as a white, even though descended through an unbroken line of mothers from an imported African slave. The other ten states raised no question of color." The blacks have gradually been robbed of right of suffrage since that period, in almost every state; in Connecticut so late as 1817.

FORCIBLE APPEAL.—The Kansas women close their argument for right of Suffrage thus:

Whatever, then, may be the opinion of fair ladies who dwell in ceiled houses in our older Eastern states and cities, who, like the lilies, neither toil nor spin, whose fair hands would gather close their silken apparel at the thought of touching the homelier garments of many a heroine of Kansas—whatever they may say in reference to this question, we, the women of the Spartan state, declare we want to vote.

THE New Hampshire Convention of Universalists, at their late anniversary, adopted unanimously a resolution in favor of Woman's elevation to entire equality with man in every civil, political, and religious right.

LOLA MONTEZ was born in Dublin, of Irish parent Her grave is at Greenwood Cemetery, and contains only her age and her name—Eliza Gilbert.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK has sent forty thousand dollars' worth of American bonds, the net profits of her trip to the United States, to her relatives in Prague.—*Exchange.*

Poor Lola! a ballet-dancer, an actress, a traveller, a lecturer, a courtezan, a king's mistress—by turns courted and despised, applauded and execrated, and after a long and eventful career returning in death to the maiden name under which she first knew purity and happiness. What a contrast between her career, began at a time when it was far easier for a woman to support herself as she did, and to defy the contempt of the virtuous, than to do so by honest toil without the help of either virtuous or vicious; and that of the Bohemian pianist, began two generations later, when the advocates of Woman's Rights had forced the virtuous to see that their duty was to open all honorable employment to women. Yet Mrs. Grundy, good, conservative woman, will close her eyes to these facts, and will declare that Fanny Janauschek would be more womanly, more in her true sphere, if, instead of supporting herself and her relatives in comfort by public performances, she supported them in rags and a garret with the needle, and eyes just far enough from failing to see the impending alternative between starvation and dishonor.

J. K. H. WILLCOX.

CLUB HOUSES.—Boston *Zion's Herald* thinks a club house for ladies in Boston and one in New York are signs of a decay in social and domestic manners and morals that no Christian can regard without painful reflections; serious indications of something "rotton in the state of Denmark." "THE REVOLUTION" concurs, but puts club houses for men pre-eminently in the same category.

THE Detroit *Post* says, one of the delegates elected from Tennessee to the Democratic National Convention, held last week, is a cool black "nigger," named James G. Williams. *Is* this a "white man's party?

ALONG the line of the Long Island railroad, women are seen working in the fields with men; yet it would degrade them to go to the polls and vote with men!

HARRIET HOSMER.

EIGHTEEN years ago, a young girl, filled with the light of genius, and longing to give expression to the language of her soul through the workings of her own fair hands, chose to dedicate herself to the art of sculpture, and to this purpose set out to carve her way through life by an earnest devotion to her noble profession. Preparatory to fitting herself for the work, she desired to pursue a course of anatomical instruction, and accordingly presented herself for admission to several of the medical colleges both in her own and neighboring states. But the responses which met her earnest pleadings for admittance were only rebuffs and reproaches that she should presume to ask a privilege which the world considered so far beyond the prerogative of her sex.

Repulsed and grieved by the selfish narrow-mindedness of man in her native state, still undaunted, she turned her face westward, and crossing the Mississippi, entered the city of St. Louis, led there by an incidental acquaintance with one of its prominent and influential citizens, and to whom her appeal was not made in vain. A man of noble impulse, recognizing the power of the soul, he acknowledged talent and genius in whatever sex he found it clothed. And, extending to this young and delicate girl his hospitality and sympathy, he procured for her the instructions for which she had prayed in vain in the older and more *civilized* states of her native land. Six months she remained in that city, arduously devoted to the study of anatomy, and then departing for Rome entered the studio of Gibson in the Eternal City, where her first production was a white marble medallion of her honored preceptor; an expression of her appreciation of, and gratitude for, the inestimable services he had rendered her.

During the many years that have intervened since that time, this woman's fame has been floating out upon the world. She has ascended higher and higher in the difficult scales of progress, until the name of Harriet Hosmer now stands enrolled among the first of artists and soul-inspiring gentuses. And the nation is now proud to claim, and delights to honor the girl it once slighted and repulsed, simply because she demanded the privilege of cultivating the highest attributes of her womanhood.

St. Louis, a city of the West, was the first to extend to Miss Hosmer the right hand of fellowship, and has since been amply rewarded for its humanity, by the high honor thus conferred upon it, and by many substantial tokens of her gratitude and kindly remembrance, the last of which is a marble bust of Mr. Wayman Crow; the kind benefactor who received her, a stranger in a strange land, and by those little acts of kindness which woman's heart can never forget, won for himself a place in her regard which must now afford him much gratification. The bust was sent on to be presented to the Washington University, St. Louis, at its annual commencement on the 18th of June. The presentation exercises were very interesting and appropriate, causing some surprise and no little pleasure. The whole affair had been gotten up so quietly that Mr. Crow, who was present on the occasion, knew nothing of it until he sat, as a prototype, before the unveiled figure. Some few weeks since, that same city was the scene of an inauguration in honor of one of our nation's noblest sons, "the father of Missouri," and a colossal statue in bronze, moulded by the hand of Harriet Hosmer, now adorns one of its parks, as a fair specimen of human handiwork. It stands there a worthy monument of woman's power to *will* and to *do*, proving, by the struggling and inspiring genius of one woman, that *perseverance* and *energy* will carve the way to the highest and noblest attainments for woman as well as man.

IOWA has three women editors—Mrs Mooney of th Jefferson *Era*; Mrs Hartshorn, of the Corydon *Monitor*, and Mrs. Mary Read of the Wright County *Register*.

Financial Department.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—*America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor, and keep bright the chain of friendship between them and their Father Land.*

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.—NO. 2.

LA GREVE DU MILLIARD.

BY M. VICTOR BONNET.

Translated from the Revue Des Deux Mondes of May for "THE REVOLUTION."

M. VICTOR BONNET has the credit of having made the most masterly exposition of the causes which have produced the existing stagnation of capital and paralyzation of enterprise in Europe, and from which the United States are suffering at the present moment. The greenback system of the United States has driven their share of the precious metals into the Banks of France and England, and so gorged them with gold as to have stupified their capitalists with the surfeit. National progress has been arrested thereby. The commercial world is vegetating in a mere existence, and everybody is asking what next? War hovers on the European horizon, and Revolution on that of the United States. Europe and America are slumbering over a volcano—the volcano of oppressed, down-trodden, tax-ridden peoples. "The people never revolt from fickleness, or the mere desire of change. It is the impatience of suffering which alone has this effect." Thus said one of the greatest of French statesmen. The people of Europe are suffering from the licentious extravagance of their governments and the burden of national debts. *The people's suffering means Revolution.* In the United States, the curse of misgovernment—"a government of claim agents"—is fastened upon us. Ignorance and incapacity, extravagance and corruption, a shameless licentiousness, and the emboldened rapacity of the horse-leech, which cries for ever, "give, give," are bubbling up and boiling over in every official circle of the people's servants, commencing with Washington and extending to every corner of this land. The same causes that produced the French Revolution of 1789, which culminated in 1815, to break out ever and anon afresh under Charles X., Louis Phillipe, the citizen king, and that is now smouldering under the imperial regime of a Bonaparte, are at the present moment working and seething among the masses of the people in the United States. The American people are beginning to feel the first twitches of the iron grip of want, and to suffer from the evils of a blighted industry, caused by class legislation and onerous taxation, while at the same moment they are exasperated by the oppression of privileged classes rioting in ill-gotten wealth wrung from their hard toil by unjust laws. A slave is "a person whose bodily toil and the fruits of it are the property of another." The millions of American people outside of the privileged aristocratic classes of National Bank men, official whiskey ring and other thieves, and bondholders, are the slaves of these privileged classes, who own "their bodily toil and the fruits thereof."

M. Bonnet exhibits a graphic picture of national exhaustion, torpid capital, and a scathing analysis of the dissipation of national wealth through the agency of the Credit Mobilier of Paris, M. Haussman's superb fantasy for building over again all Paris, and driving the people beyond the barriers. *The people's suffering means Revolution.*

"The Grave of the Billion" is shown by M. Bonnet in the actions of the Credit Mobilier and M. Haussman, and "The Burden of the Billion" is shown in the billion of idle money resting in the Bank of France. The following is "La Grève Du Milliard":

IT is now four years since we defended the Bank of France against the unjust attacks of which it was the object. Discount was from seven to eight per cent.; the average of the Treasury was below 200,000,000, and the amount of bank bills reached 800,000,000. At that time complaint was made of the scarcity of

specie, and the Bank of France was accused of causing it, or at least of not preventing it by means supposed to be in its power. It was publicly said that it abused its monopoly, that it was interested in keeping money dear, and that as long as this monopoly should exist money never would be cheap. Charming pictures were drawn of public prosperity, if money should return to a normal value of four per cent. Nothing more would be desired. We have no need to demonstrate, at this day, after all that has occurred, that these complaints had as little foundation as disinterestedness. If to remedy the high price of money the exact means proposed had been adopted, the creation of a second bank of issue in the hands of ("Credit Mobilier") (of moveable, or public, or changeable credit) we should have to deplore other disasters than those experienced by this community. One fact at least is established; it is, that the monopoly of the Bank of France was not an absolute obstacle to the cheapness of money, since for more than a year discount has been at two and a half per cent., after having long remained at three per cent., and the bank is not able to invest at this price all the capital at its disposal. It is demonstrated, moreover, that the cheapness of capital, from which were promised such great results, has not been so efficacious an influence on public prosperity and the development of wealth as was anticipated. In fact, for more than a year the rate of discount has been two and a half per cent., and meanwhile we are far from being in a prosperous era. From whence comes this? From whence comes it, above all, that we have seen so complete a change accomplished in the condition of disposable capital? In the month of November, 1864, money was from seven to eight per cent., with a Treasury of at least 200,000,000. In the month of March following it was not more than three and a half per cent., and the Treasury had increased to more than 400,000,000. Since then the two tendencies, the one to lower the rate of interest, the other to increase the treasury, have only reacted on each other more and more. In 1866 the Treasury reached 700,000,000, and discount was three per cent. In 1867 the Treasury reached 1,000,000,000, and discount still decreased. To-day the money touches 1,150,000,000, and discount is two and a half per cent. It is the most extraordinary fact which has occurred up to this time in the history of the Bank of France. Never has the Treasury been seen to reach so high a figure; and never have two so opposite situations as those of the month of November, 1864, and of April, 1868, been produced within so short an interval.

The fact of the political revolution set aside, that which in the ordinary current of events modifies to a sensible degree the amount of disposable capital—that which renders it suddenly so abundant, scarce as it was the day before, are the commercial and financial crises, and the liquidation which results from them. Capitalists, tried by the more or less considerable losses, retire for the time. being from business and wait, until circumstances appear to them more favorable before engaging themselves anew. But it is rare that this effect continues through a whole year. The memory of the Past is soon effaced, confidence returns, and business revives. So it was after the last crisis but one—that of 1857. Since 1859, notwithstanding the Italian war and the alarms to which it gave rise, all capital sought and found investment. Since the liquidation of the crisis of 1863 and 1864 things have completely changed face. There was, indeed, a certain activity in transactions in 1865, more in 1866, notwithstanding the German war. At the same time, this favorable change has not been of long duration, neither has due importance been attached to it, considering the abundance of the resources invested, and the vigor that infuses itself ordinarily in the resumption of business when a crisis is past. Communities after these calamities, which overtake them from time to time, almost periodically, are like convalescents returning to health, they need to recover their lost time, and to reanimate their wasted forces. Then they set themselves to producing and consuming so much the more that they have been long in a state of inaction. There has been nothing like it since 1864. It had this peculiarity, that after the first moments of reaction in 1865 and 1866, business was suddenly checked in 1867, as if the nation was exhausted with the effort it had made, and had need of recuperation.

In order to find a point of comparison with the present situation, it would be necessary to revert to the revolutionary period of 1848 to 1851, though the elements may not be the same. It is evident that wealth is much greater to-day than it was then, and production and consumption are enormously developed. That which has been acquired remains acquired, and continues to produce its effects. We have now more railroads than then; gold mines turn out to us billions, which increase in proportion national activity; in short, science has made progress of all kinds which has contributed also to increase social wealth to a degree which permits no comparison with the period of 1848 to 1851. But the point of analogy exists in the stagnation of business.

From 1848 to 1851 the dominant fact was the abundance of disposable capital in proportion to the demand for it. There was at the bank a Treasury nearly equal to the producing circulation. Indeed, at one time it was greater. The depositories overflowed, and no one knew what to do with his means.

At the same time business was at a standstill. There would have been a thousand means of employing capital, if capitalists had desired to invest. But they did not. *They were governed by a single sentiment—that of fear.* They preferred to hold their capital inactive rather than to circulate it.

The situation is the same to-day. *We do not dare to act,* and there we remain inert with immense capital, with elements of production such as have never been amassed in any country, and which could create public wealth to an unusual degree. In presence of this fact, which has already continued more than a year, an impression has been produced on many minds entirely contrary to that which existed in 1863 and 1864. At that time we were astonished beyond measure at the high price of money. For several years past discount had been five or six per cent. and it was not apparent how things could ever change. To-day we have a plethora of specie; capital is two and a half per cent., and the public is disposed to believe that it will henceforth remain so—that disposable capital will always exceed the demand—that there is only one thing to be done to protect ourselves against the influx of precious metals which would result in disturbing our commercial relations.

It is said that we are a nation of innovators, who delight to look ahead and seek changes, and even revolutions. This is a very great error. We have, indeed, an unstable manner; but no people submit themselves more readily to facts accomplished, or are more disposed to accept them as a rule for the future. Without going beyond the (domain economic) how many *incidents* have we already experienced that we have willingly taken as laws of progress. In 1848, one spoke of the organization of labor, and without consenting precisely to that which was demanded by Louis Blanc, and that which was debated in the Conferences of Luxembourg, many people inclined to believe that there was, indeed, something worthy to be vested in this order of ideas, and that the ancient relationships of capital and labor ought to be modified. They were not long in returning to a better judgment. To-day it is the turn of the societies called co-operative, under the influence of the repute that these societies have suddenly obtained, after the attention lent to them in the counsels of the government, and the encouragements of which they have been the object, many persons imagine that they have a reliable foundation, and that there is in them the germ of a grand economic revolution. We discard this optimism after the experience of several years. It is the same with the changes which operate in the laws, which regulate capital and circulation. When capital is dear we do not conceive how it can become cheap, or how it can become dear when it is cheap. Let us defy these momentary impressions, and let us learn to face matters with more calmness. We are old enough in the world—I will not say to have experience of all things, but at least not to be surprised (in economic and political circles) by facts which shall remain unexplained. There is an explanation for that which we call La Greve du Milliard, or "The Burden of the Billion," that we shall now present.

I.

The Billion of the Bank of France has, as we think, several causes. First, a singular political inquietude which paralyzes all affairs in France and Europe; then the high tariffs of the United States, which close for us a most important outlet; finally, the "forced currency" of bank bills which exists in several states in America and in Europe, and creates a reflux toward us of all the precious metals. To these causes we may still add the development of means of credit, and especially the more extended use of bills of exchange. The thought will, doubtless, occur to many, if we have in the Bank of France more capital than at any previous epoch, we owe it to the increase of public wealth, and to the fact that our SAVINGS have been greater. *This would be a grave error.* Public wealth does not measure itself by the treasury of the banks. By this reasoning the Bank of England, which has never on an average a treasury as great as that of the Bank of France, would indicate a country less wealthy than our own, and the contrary is the fact. As to savings, they are seen to accumulate in greater sums in years when capital has been most dear. The reason is simple: *Saving is the child of labor; now, the more active labor is, the greater the savings; and the more active labor is, the more capital is demanded, and by consequence is dear.* There is not, then, any necessary relation between the accumulation of treasure in the bank and the development of public wealth. This correspondence has been able to exist heretofore, notwithstanding there were not as many ways of utilizing capital as at the present time. In the last century Holland had more capital

than necessary for her wants. She had not a regular employment (or use) for all her savings, and money was at a low price. Not more than forty years ago it was the same in England, before the expansion that her commerce gained since the inauguration of the freedom of exchanges. This situation is nowhere to be found at this day. Commercial relations are so extended, industry has so developed, that all capital is employed; and when, perchance, it is seen to accumulate in the treasuries of the banks, it is because of reasons wholly accidental which cause this result.

In order to be convinced that there is a time of suspension in social activity, one has only to investigate the divers symptoms by which it manifests itself. Last year foreign commerce—importation and exportation united—yielded apparently 154,000,000 more than in 1866. But if one takes account ot the increase of importation of cereals (on account of the dearth, 235 millions against 49, which is not an indication of prosperity) one finds that the *significant* figures of the balance of foreign commerce in 1867 transpose themselves by a difference of not less than 50 millions from 1866. This same year, 1866, had furnished an augmentation of 230 millions on the preceding year. In 1867 the indirect revenues (are) remain equally below those of the preceding year, about 2,000,000. As to the (portefeuille) of the Bank of France, which is really the most characteristic symptom of the activity of the country, this (portefeuille) has only decreased from month to month, and the total of the discount operations of the year 1867 was 5,733,000,000 against 6,574,000,000 in 1866. Facts, then, prove that there was a time of actual cessation in the movement of affairs in 1867. But some will say, How is this stagnation which is only manifested after all by a diminution of 52,000,000 in the figures of foreign commerce, which still *leaves* the indirect revenues at nearly the same figure as in 1866, how is it to be explained by an accumulation of capital as great as that which exists to-day? How can it cause interest to descend to two and a half per cent., and even below that, and hold itself there so long?

In order to give a reason for the influence that a season of suspension in business exercises on the accumulation of disposable capital we must consider what is the element on which it acts.

There is always in society a mass of floating capital; it is the circulating part of public wealth, that which ministers to our needs, while we are producing the things which must replace it; such as, for example, the corn and the wine that we consume before the year's harvest can be put into the market; the stuffs that we wear while others are being manufactured. In times of great activity, when nothing checks business, this floating wealth is always employed; it is even sometimes insufficient, which makes it augment in value. How, when insufficient, may it suddenly be made abundant? It suffices if there be a check in the demand for labor. Suppose that this disposable part of wealth be 50 billions of francs, and that figure certainly is not exaggerated, since it embraces all the occupations of the country, all business operations at the time, if there is only a slackening of a twentieth part—a proportion which is inferior to that which we discover by a comparison of the operations of the Bank in 1867 and 1866, immediately we have the withdrawal from business of two and a half billions of capital. Now, we see that two and a half billions of disposable capital coming to weigh suddenly on the market has a very decided lowering tendency. The cause which most frequently creates this season of suspension in business, and this plethora of capital, we have stated before is the liquidating of a commercial or financial crisis.

At this time, the cause is entirely different, and acts with still more force. It is seldom that all branches of industry are reached by the effects of an ordinary crisis, which touches more particularly those whose speculations has been carried to excess. At one time it will be the iron interests or those interests of which cotton is the principal feature, at another time it will be foreign loans. Capital invested in industrial or financiering companies which find themselves compromised. There will result from this, by the law of consolidation which unites all business, a certain counter-blow on those industries which are not *directly* reached. But this influence will be very light, and in all instances it will grow less, in proportion as the relationship distances. It is not even the same when the cause of suspension comes from political disturbances, which paralyze everything at once—and one might almost say, in the same manner. No one dares to engage in business for fear of being overtaken by events of extreme gravity. Credit, which is the soul of social activity, the principal element of progress, finds itself suspended. No one will risk speculations for a long term. The future is closed. Current business only is done, based upon the immediate needs of consumption. *Capital retires, and holds itself under shelter as at the commencement of a tempest. This* is our situation since the great change which operated in Europe in 1866, after the batile of Sadowa.

Since that moment, the public mind has no longer been upon business, but upon military affairs. It was with difficulty that the universal exposition last year made any diversion. People visited it, admired the prodigality of all nature which it embodied, but their preoccupation remained the same. It is in vain that governments talk of peace. People will not believe in it. They remain persuaded there is a pressure of circumstances which sooner or later will surely bring on war, and that they must be prepared. It is easily to be seen that in such a situation, uneasiness reigns in France and through all Europe, that England even does not escape, notwithstanding her insular situation. If her politics do not submit to such influences, her commerce feels them. In England, as in France, the year 1867 has been unfortunate. It has brought a decided diminution in foreign commerce, as compared with the preceding year, and the revenues from taxes are sensibly below what washoped. For the rest, this solidarity of all the peoples in presence of the ravages which war threatens, has this much of benefit—that it calls for the efforts of all to obviate them, and this is the best guaranty of peace. Lord Stanley last year was enabled to arrest the conflict which might have arisen from the case of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg! Can we believe he would have been as zealous in his negotiations, if he had not had in mind the industrial prosperity of his country? England is not ambitious of more conquests, at least in Europe, but she seeks, more and more, commercial outlets, and in order to find them, she must have around her peaceful nations, who employ their resources in other directions than the manufacture of armaments. On the day when Europe is disturbed in any portion of her territory whatsoever, they are the hammers of Sheffield that are stayed—they are the work-shops of Birmingham and Manchester that are closed only; and *this* is the particular misfortune of our country, we *feel* more than any other, everything, all, which agitates Europe—first, because our politics cannot stand aloof like those of England; secondly, because with us on account of our revolutionary antecedents, foreign difficulties always complicate themselves immediately with internal difficulties. We are always led to believe that the destinies of the government may be put in jeopardy, if these differences take an unfortunate turn. It is this which has impressed on an actual crisis in France a character of exceptional gravity. Outside of politics, the second reason which has contributed a great share to the slackening of our business and that of England, is the high tariff of the Custom House of the United States. Since the end of the war of secession, the Americans have had but one thought—to revive their industry, which had suffered greatly from the ravages of war, and to procure for themselves the necessary resources to pay the interest of the enormous debt which they have contracted. For this purpose, they have devised—independently of internal taxation which reaches almost all objects of consumption,—Custom House taxes which are almost equivalent to prohibition. *Le Moniteur* declared lately, on authority of a New York journal, that from the 1st of October to the 30th of November, 1867, $268,000,000 of merchandise arrived in that city, havingy ielded $117,000,000 of taxes, that is to say, about forty-three per cent. Experience, doubtless, will teach the Americans, as it has taught other nations, that nothing is ever gained by such absolute retrenchment in their foreign relations, and by isolation from the rest of the world. There are products in Europe which Americans cannot *do without*. What do they gain by obliging their people to pay such high tariffs for necessary productions? The money that is used to procure them is lacking for other wants, and, in fact, it is the home manufacture which bears the expenses paid for articles coming from abroad. While they are gaining this experience, the commercial policy of the United States is for the time being, very unfavorable to us. It limits considerably (in that country the outlets we found) for our products of every kind, for our wines, our silks, our articles of fashion, and as a nation of consumers so rich, is not easily replaced. So long as this market shall not be reopened to us, we must expect a certain deficit in our foreign commerce.

We arrive now at the third cause, which has had influence on our specie treasury. It is of a nature altogether peculiar. It arises from the forced currency of bills payable to bearer (or bank bills). This forced currency exists in the United States, in Brazil, and in other parts of South America; it exists also in Europe in several very important countries; in Russia, in Austria, in Italy, in Turkey. If we may trust an English journal, much accredited in these matters, the amount of paper money which circulates as much in the New World as in Europe, reaches 15 billions of francs. This figure is without doubt, exaggerated—let us diminish it one-third—there will still remain 10 billions of francs! this is enormous, and the share of Europe may be four and a half billions—two and a half billions for Russia, six or seven hundred millions for Austria—as much for Italy and for Turkey. We calculate that the United States must hold near four billions. Before the war of secession

when the circulation of that country was specie, all the gold of California and other mines scattered itself there in the outset, and the greater part remained there by occasion of the expansion of commerce and industry; the surplus only poured itself out on Europe. Now that paper money has replaced the precious metals, the gold of the mines scarcely makes port in New York, and from there arrives here directly. If the United States retained formerly the half—it may be about three or four millions of the six or seven millions produced by the mines, they keep to-day hardly the fifth part. It is easy to comprehend that such a situation which has already lasted several years, must have exercised a considerable influence on the money markets of Europe, so much the more, that all Europe is not open to the influx of the precious metals. Paper money, which expels specie, prevents also its return. Austria, Italy, Russia, Turkey, receive none, or almost none, of the precious metals of America. The other countries, such as Holland, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, receive very little also, their money standard being silver. There remain then only England and France, as outlets to the productions of the gold mines.¶

This gold arrives first in England, which is the most important market of the world for all things. The English keep what they can of it, what they are obliged to keep, and they send the rest, perhaps for exchange for our silver money, which they use to export to the Indies and the extreme East, perhaps in exchange for other merchandise. *It is for us and the English, that the miners of California, Australia, and Central America, labor.* We said above, that the countries which have a "forced currency," (or paper currency) *cannot receive the precious metals of America. Not only do they not receive it, but their own specie circulation goes abroad and reaches us.* The gold which is produced in the Ural mountains only stops at St. Petersburg, and does not remain there. It seeks other countries where it sojourns. The same in Austria, this unfortunate country, during the twenty years that it has been given up to a paper currency, has no longer metal money. The circulation of paper there descends even to a Florin. As to Italy, we can see for ourselves, by the circulation in France of pieces of silver and gold stamped in effigy of Victor Emmanuel, that we serve also as an outlet to her money. First, we are the country with which she has the most commercial relations, and as the balance of commerce, is rarely favorable to her, she has remittances to make to us in cash, to settle the difference between her importations and exportations.

More than this, she is our debtor for heavy debts that she his contracted in France. It is still in cash that every six months she must pay these arrearages—her money reaches us thus through two channels—first, by way of commercial exchange, then by the settlement of her foreign debt, and as since the Convention of 1865, she has the same money device, in gold as well as in silver, this money comes directly to us without any transformation, and enters into our own circulation. The proof that the influx of Italian money is indeed the result of the situation in which Italy is placed by a recourse to "forced currency" or paper currency, is that we have the same treaty with Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, and that notwithstanding the money of those countries does not reach us. We only find it occasionally figuring in our circulation, as ours does with them. We cannot decide as easily the influence of "paper currency" on what concerns the immigration of Russian and Austrian money, or of the American dollar, because their coinage not being identical with our own, they cannot come to us, until they have submitted to transformation, in form of ingots; but this influence does not the less exist, and proof of it may be found in the difference between the importation and exportation of the precious metals in France. For two years this difference settles itself by 1,312,000,000 in favor of importation. During the first three months of the current year, the balance in favor of importation is already 195,000,000, and that notwithstanding the purchases of cereals we have made abroad, notwithstanding the outgo of precious metals that this buying has necessitated. Otherwise, a dearth like that which we have had during the past year, would have entailed an exportation of specie of 300,000,000 or 400,000,000, and would have lessened sensibly the treasure in the Bank of France. This year we have bought and paid for all the cereals which were lacking to us, and the treasury has not ceased to augment. The accounts of the Custom House indicate that in 1867 we have bought cereals to the value of 375,000,000. It is not the great development of our foreign commerce, which has furnished us the means to pay for our cereals without depleting the purse; indeed, it has rather diminished in the past year! no, it is simply *the influence of paper currency. In countries where it rules, specie disappears. It goes abroad, because it has not its real value in circulation, because it is in concurrence with a money symbol, which, in replacing it, depreciates it.* It goes abroad also, because such countries *are always debtors to foreign nations*, and have constant remittances to make to them, but let us see how nations are led into a forced or paper currency.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

Talk among the Brokers in Wall Street.

GRAND GALA TIMES IN WALL STREET.

A NEW AND IMPROVED METHOD OF WATERING RAILROAD STOCKS.

THE NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF THE EXAMPLE SET BY THE GREAT CLIQUE LEADERS.

THE LOSSES OF THE BROKERS ENORMOUS AND LIKELY TO REACH $5,000,000.

ALTERED CERTIFICATES ON FORT WAYNE, ROCK ISLAND, ERIE, NEW YORK CENTRAL, PITTSBURG, PACIFIC MAIL AND NORTHWEST COMMON AND PREFERRED.

THE CARELESS MANNER IN WHICH RAILROAD CERTIFICATES ARE TRANSFERRED BY THEIR AGENCIES.

THE FRAUD LIKELY TO CAUSE SEVERE LOSSES TO THE MONEY LENDERS AND BANKS.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS IN REGARD TO THE BLACK-MAILING OPERATIONS OF THE "INJUNCTOR."

HOW "INJUNCTIONS" ARE PROCURED AND THE PROBABLE "IMPEACHMENT" OF SOME JUDGES.

CIRCUS CLOWN FISK GONE, BAG AND BAGGAGE, INTO THE "INJUNCTION" BUSINESS.—HE IS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE "INJUNCTION BUREAU" AND MAKES HIS LAST RAID ON THE UNION PACIFIC ROAD.

HIS ATTEMPT TO STOP THE CONSTRUCTION OF THIS GREAT NATIONAL ENTERPRISE.

HE THINKS IT A RICH GOOSE TO PLUCK, AND SAYS IT WILL PROBABLY PAY BETTER THAN ERIE AND ROCK ISLAND.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN EXPECTS TO DAMAGE THE COMPANY'S CREDIT AND TO BE BOUGHT OFF, AS HE WAS IN ERIE AND ROCK ISLAND.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN LIKELY TO LAND ON HIS HEAD INSTEAD OF HIS HEELS IN THIS PACIFIC RAILROAD MATTER, AND TO SING DOUBLE ON THE HUDSON FREE OF EXPENSE.

SWEET WILLIAM DESIRES TO "RAISE THE WIND" BY SOME PROCESS OR OTHER—CHIPS, BOYS! IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET, CHIPS!

PROFESSOR REA, THE HEAD OF THE "SWINDLING FACULTY," PROBABLY KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE "FORGERY BUSINESS" AND "WATERING" RAILROAD STOCKS.

"DEAD" WHITE "TAKES IN" THE STREET HANDSOMELY AND THEN LEAVES FOR ANOTHER AND A BETTER LAND.

"SMALL CERTIFICATE HOYT" TRIES TO GET TO HEAVEN WITH "DEAD WHITE," BUT MISSES THE TRAIN, THE DOUBLE EAGLES HE CARRIED WERE SO HEAVY THAT THEY MADE HIM LATE.

RICH AND RACY DEVELOPMENTS.

THE RASCALITIES OF WALL STREET AND THEIR RESPECTABLE PERPETRATORS.

THE APATHY OF THE STOCK BOARDS PERFECTLY REMARKABLE, BUT PROBABLY THE "OLD FOGIES" OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE WILL BE AWAKENED BEFORE LONG.

"INJUNCTIONS," "FORGERIES," "BLACK MAIL," AND "STOCK WATERING" FAST KILLING THE STOCK BUSINESS.

ALL THE SHARP MEN IN WALL STREET STUCK WITH ERIE.—FIFTEEN HUNDRED SHARES OF ALTERED CERTIFICATES DISCOVERED ALREADY.—SMALL LONDON CERTIFICATES ALTERED.

A PANIC IN ERIE AMONG MONEY LENDERS AND LARGE HOLDERS.

LORD CORNWALLIS'S SETTLEMENT OF THE ERIE FIGHT IN THE DAILY SQUIB—A DEAD BEAT LIKE HIS READING INVESTORS.

LORD CORNWALLIS A CONFIDING VICTIM, AND MUCH DECEIVED INNOCENT BY HIS FRIENDS JIM FISK, SMITH MARTIN, WOODWARD, GOULD AND OTHERS OF A RELIGIOUS TURN.

WOODWARD'S PALATIAL MANSION IN CLINTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.—GREAT PRAYER MEETING TO TURN THE LUCK IN THE READING CORNER.—THE SISTERS TAKE A FLIER INTO THE COAL REGIONS.

The talk among the brokers is about the patent new mode of watering stocks, invented by Mr. White and his friend Hoyt, by which they altered certificates one and five shares into hundreds. The talk is

WHO HAS BEEN STUCK? THE AMERICAN REINDEER

has suffered to a big figure, nearly a quarter of a million; and that other brokers' firms have lost heavily by these frauds, but that they keep the matter very quiet for the sake of their credit. The talk is that the

MONEY LENDERS AND BANK MEN ARE SCARED

by this new kind of fraud, and that one of the sharpest of them said that he felt now just as he did at the time of the

SCHUYLER FRAUDS;

that the Ketchum forgeries were nothing to these; that nobody knew when he was safe in his collaterals, and that in his opinion it will be found out, by and by, that some

BIG WALL STREET NAMES

are at the bottom of this thing, and that White and Hoyt were merely their tools. The talk is that the

DEMORALIZATION OF WALL STREET

is reaching a climax; that what with watering stocks by the companies, and what with

JUDGES OF THE SUPREME

and other courts being used as

STOCKJOBBING TOOLS

for granting injunctions and receiverships, that nobody could tell where he stood or where he was likely to be

landed if he touched stocks at all. The talk is that when judges of the Supreme and other courts and

LEADING LAWYERS TAKE THE "FIELD,"

and go into the blackmailing business, what is to be expected from men of lesser note? The talk is that

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD

has made about a quarter of a million out of the

ERIE FIGHT AND INJUNCTIONS

and other similar operations, and that

FISK AND B.'S

is the headquarters for this kind of work. The talk is that

JIM FISK, THE CIRCUS DANCER,

says he is going to

BLACKMAIL THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY

to the tune of half a million; but others say that the circus dancer has made affidavits to

FACTS THAT 'AINT JUST SO,

and that if the directors of the Union Pacific Company choose to push the matter before the grand jury, that

FREE LODGINGS ON THE HUDSON

up the river may be the destination of the

CIRCUS CLOWN.

The talk is that the

GREAT NATIONAL ENTERPRISE

of the Union Pacific Railroad is not going to be stopped by Jim Fisk the circus clown, though he is backed up by

FIRST CLASS LAWYERS IN THE "FIELD," AND COMPLAISANT JUDGES,

that Dr. Durant is too sharp and go-ahead for all of them together; that he knows how to fight both in and out of court, and that with

JOHN J. CISCO

as Treasurer, the credit of the company

STANDS AS HIGH AS GOVERNMENT

bonds, and that they have all the time more money than they can use. The talk is that this attempt to stop the building of the great national highway from

NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO

by injunctions, for

BLACKMAILING PURPOSES, IS A DISGRACE TO NEW YORK CITY,

and that all the parties concerned ought to be

KICKED OUT OF DECENT SOCIETY.

The talk is, as a facetious broker remarked, that "it would be a pretty hard matter to

KICK THE CIRCUS CLOWN

out of decent society, because he was never in it," like the first class lawyers in the "Field" and judges. The talk is where is

SWEET WILLIAM

all this time? What is he about? What is he doing? where is he going to, and what is the matter? The talk is that

THE DEAR BOY

must be taken up by somebody, and put into some healthy occupation

WHERE THE CHIPS

are to be had, or that the sweet youth will spoil like a

WATERY OYSTER

in July without ice. The talk is that

SWEET WILLIAM

says that his friends, the dear boys,

FISK AND B,

have not done the clean thing by him in shelling out the fair

KNOCK DOWN OF CHIPS

in that big thing they had in

ERIE AND ROCK ISLAND.

"Gracious heaven!"

SIGHED SWEET WILLIAM,

in one of his religious moods, "who would have thought that my dear and trusted

FRIEND, JIMMY,

would have handled the five million dollars of Erie and bagged $750,000 of it along with

GOULD AND ELDRIDGE

under the convenient name of 'law expenses,' without handing me some of

THE CHIPS

when he knows that I want them badly, and that my soul longs for them like

A PARCHED PEA

in a dry and thirsty land."
The talk is that

PROFESSOR REA

is likely to throw a "ray" of light on these frauds, and that the Professor once upon a time, owned five shares of a certain bank stock, which some kind fairy changed over night into fifty shares, that

PROFESSOR REA

when questioned on the magic change of five into fifty over night, was in a perfect fog, and could tell nothing about it, but as the money-lender, with brutal indifference asked of him, why then did you borrow on it as fifty shares, when you knew it was only five? The talk is how does

PROFESSOR REA QUASH

all the indictments against him. Who is his friend at court, and does

JACOB THE SHARP

man know anything at all about it? The talk is wonder if the

FUR MAN, MOSES! ON FIFTH AVENUE,

has promised to tickle

JACOB THE SHARP

man's palm with $20,000, if he can settle one of the scrapes he was gotten into by

PROFESSOR REA.

The talk is that the

STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

had better go round to

PROFESSOR REA'S OFFICE,

and ask him whether he thinks the fairy that changed that five into fifty in the bank stock, would be likely to change the five shares of

ERIE

and other stocks into 100. The talk is that Professor Rea might perhaps throw a ray of light on the real names of

"DEAD," "WHITE," AND SMALL CERTIFICATE HOYT.

The talk is that

EVERYBODY IS STUCK WITH ERIE,

that 1,500 shares of altered certificates have already been fount out, and that nobody knows whether the Erie he holds is bogus or not. The talk is that the inside men in Erie started the story in

THE DAILY SQUIB

that the Erie fight was settled in order to sell out and stick the street, that everything is

MIXED UP IN ERIE,

and that it would not take a great deal to

MAKE A PANIC.

The talk is that

LORD CORNWALLIS

is the victim of designing men, and that he is honest and means all he says, but only "it ain't so." The talk is that the

WOODWARD SMITH MARTIN

clique in Reading are in a fog, that Woodward is working his church members into the

GOOD THING IN READING,

and hopes to work himself out, that there are great doings in

CLINTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN,

among the brothers and sisters.

THE MONEY MARKET

continues easy at 4 to 5 per cent. on call, with exceptions at 3 per cent. Prime discounts 6 to 7 per cent. The weekly bank statement is not favorable. The loans are increased $2,201,777, the deposits, $3,269,335, while the legal tenders are decreased $3,594,397, notwithstanding the specie is increased $7,280,618. The amount of specie now held by the New York city banks is $19,235,348.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks compared with the preceding week:

	July 3	July 11		Differences.
Loans,	$281,945,931	$284,147,708	Inc.	$2,201,777
Specie,	11,954,730	19,235,348	Inc.	7,280,618
Circulation,	34,032,466	34,068,202	Inc.	35,736
Deposits,	221,050,806	224,320,141	Inc.	3,269,335
Legal-tenders,	72,125,939	68,531,542	Dec.	3,594,397

THE GOLD MARKET

was firm and steady throughout the week. At the close prices advanced, owing to the heavy shipments of specie. The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday, 6,	140⅝	140¾	140½	140⅝
Tuesday, 7,	140⅝	141	140½	140⅞
Wednesday, 8,	140⅞	141	140⅝	140⅝
Thursday, 9,	140⅝	140⅝	140⅝	140⅝
Friday, 10,	140¾	140⅞	140⅝	140⅞
Saturday, 11,	141	141¼	140⅞	141⅛
Monday, 13,	141¼	141⅜	141⅜	141⅞

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

continues firm, and bankers are not willing to sell under rates that cover shipments of specie. The quotations are, prime bankers sixty days sterling bills 110¼ to 110⅜, and sight 110⅝ to 110¾. Francs on Paris bankers' long 5.12½ to 5.11⅞, and short 5.10 to 5.09⅜.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

was dull and unsettled, owing to the excitement attendant upon the Democratic Convention, which has interfered with the transactions of the stock boards to a considerable extent. Rock Island showed symptoms of strength, owing to the report of a dividend to be paid in cash should the removal of the injunction take place, or in interest-bearing scrip should the injunction be continued. On Thursday much uneasiness was caused by a novelty in fraud by the alteration of certificates from 5 to 100 in Fort Wayne, Cleveland Pittsburg, Rock Island, Pacific Mail, Michigan Southern, Erie, New York Central, and Chicago and North West Common and Preferred.

Musgrave & Co., 19 Broad street, report the following quotations:

Canton, 47 to 49; Boston W. P., 15 to 16; Cum. Coal, 34 to 35; Quicksilver, 22 to 22½; Mariposa, 4 to 5; do, preferred, 9¼ to 10; Pacific Mail, 100¾ to 101; Atlantic Mail, 25 to 30; W. U. Tel., 34⅝ to 34¾; New York Central, 134 to 134¼; Erie, 69 to 69¼; do. preferred, 74½ to 75⅛; Hudson River, 137⅛ to 139⅛; Reading, 94⅛ to 94⅝; Wabash, 48⅛ to 48¾; Mil. & St. P., 67⅜ to 67⅝; do. preferred, 79¾ to 79⅞; Fort Wayne, 107¾ to 108; Ohio & Miss., 29¼ to 29⅜; Mich. Cen., 116 to 117⅛; Mich. South, 91⅛ to 91¼; Ill. Central, 158½ to 159½; Pittsburg, 85¾ to 86; Toledo, 103 to 103¼; Rock Island, 107⅞ to 108; North Western, 79⅛ to 79¼; do. preferred, 81¼ to 81½.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were dull but steady throughout the week.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

Reg. 1881, 113¼ to 113⅜; Coupon, 1881 113⅝ to 113¾; Reg. 5-20, 1862, 109¼ to 109⅜; Coupon, 5-20, 1862, 113¼ to 113⅜; Coupon, 5-20, 1864, 110⅛ to 110¾; Coupon, 5-20, 1865, 111¾ to 111½; Coupon, 5-20, 1865, Jan. and July, 108⅛ to 108¼; Coupon, 5-20, 1867, 108⅛ to 109; Coupon, 5-20, 1868, 108⅛ to 109; Reg. 10-40, 107⅝ to 107⅞; Coupon, 10-40, 107¾ to 107⅞; June 7-30, 108¼ to 109; July, 7-30, 108¼ to 109; August Compounds, 1865, 118½; September Compounds, 1865, 118; October Compounds, 1865, 117¼.

THE CUSTOMS DUTIES

for the week were $1,785,586 in gold against $1,645,-097 last week, $1,605,958 and $1,866,870 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were $4,463,244 in gold against $3,850,662, $5,263,899 and $4,-465,888 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were $2,452,598 in currency against $3,113,-579, $2,670,477 and $2,359,561 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were $3,947,891 against $3,227,-532, $2,530,134 and $1,890,532 for the preceding weeks.

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